BAD ATTITUDE

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Finding the Goddess Within

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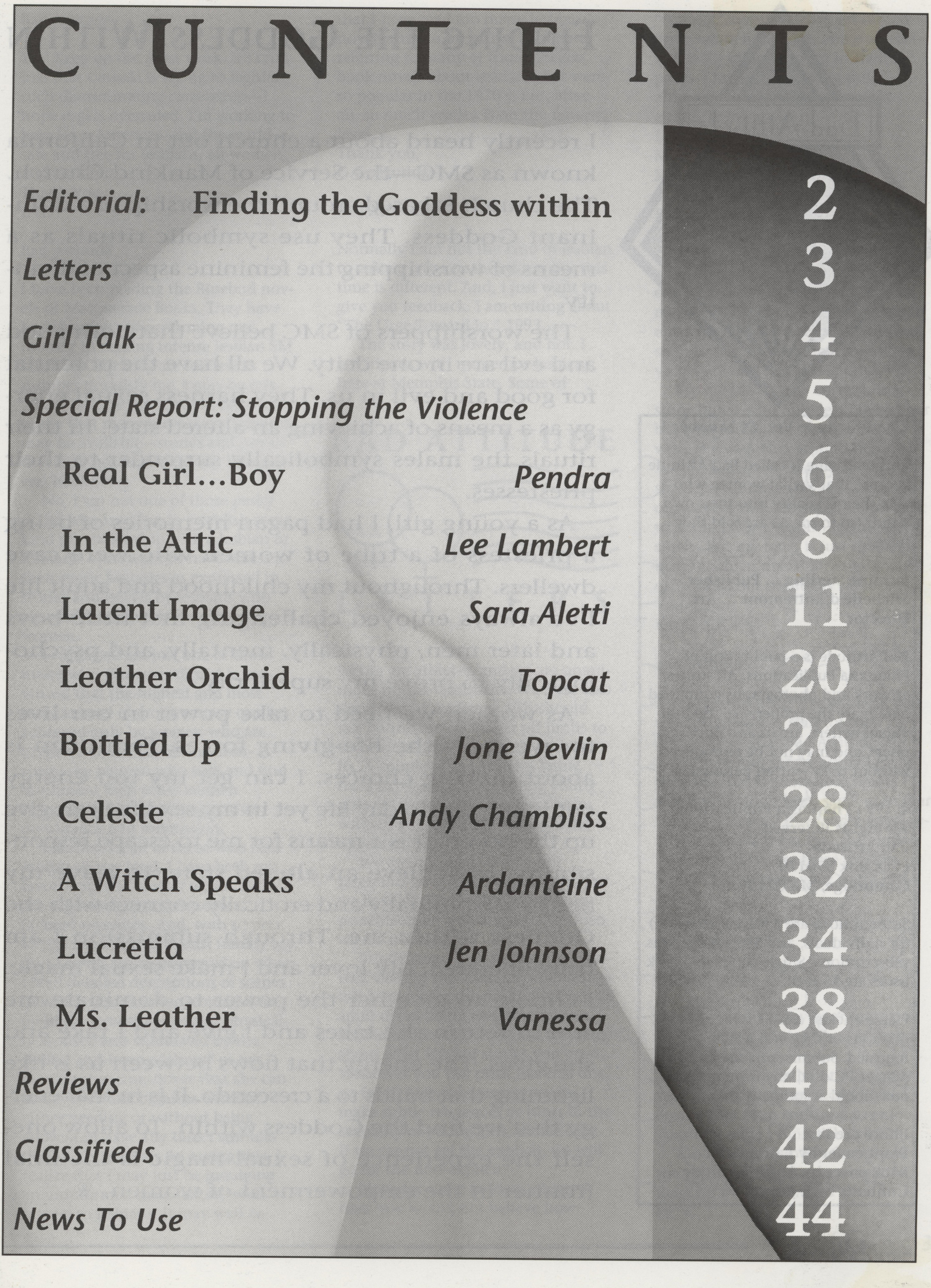

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Bad Attitude

STERLING
editor's notes

Bad Attitude Vol. IX Number 1

This magazine is called Bad Attitude because that's what women who take their sexuality into their own hands (so to speak) are told they have.

Jasmine Sterling ... Publisher
Michelle d'Entremont ... Art Director

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FINDING THE GODDESS WITHIN

I recently heard about a church out in California known as SMC—the Service of Mankind Church. The church is based around the worship of a dominant Goddess. They use symbolic rituals as a means of worshipping the feminine aspect of divinity.

The worshippers of SMC believe that both good and evil are in one deity. We all have the potential for good and evil in us. They harness sexual energy as a means of achieving an altered state. In their rituals the males symbolically surrender to their priestesses.

As a young girl, I had pagan memories of being a priestess of a tribe of women who were cave dwellers. Throughout my childhood and adult life I've always enjoyed challenging first little boys and later men, physically, mentally, and psychologically to prove my superiority.

As women we need to take power in our lives for we carry the life-giving forces. Feminism is about making choices. I can get my top energy out in my day-to-day life yet in my sex life I can give up the power. It is a means for me to escape responsibility, to achieve an altered state, to leave my body—to spiritually and erotically connect with the Goddess within me. Through submission I am truly liberated. My lover and I make sexual magic. I choose to give her the power to dominate me and in return she takes and I give and I take and she gives. The energy that flows between us is like lightning that builds to a crescendo. It is in that energy that we find the Goddess within. To allow oneself the experience of sexual magic is the final frontier in the empowerment of women. ⚢

BAD ATTITUDE LETTERS

Bad Attitude,

Yes! Keep up the great work. It's criminal that Canada is trying to legislate such discriminating censorship—I hope it gets overruled. I'm working to help keep America—and the world—safe and free for lesbians, all women, and children.
Thank You.
J. N.

Bad Attitude,

I have been reading the Rosebud novels of Masquerade Books. They have had the effect of confirming my interest in reading intense lesbian SM fantasies. But they are too few in number to satisfy me. I may be mistaken, but the thought has occurred to me that many more such fantasies may be available—stories and novels that may not find their way into general bookstores.

No, I am not one of those pesky males who is trying to establish some kind of relationship with a lesbian or lesbians. I just want to have access to their erotic fantasies as expressed in stories and novels by lesbians who are writing primarily for other women.

I suppose I am just one of those males who (however dimly) is convinced that the highest and most intense level of erotic ecstasy can be achieved only by women who are involved in lesbian SM relationships—by women who seek and find fulfillment with other women through skillful and imaginative dominance and submission.

Like almost all of those who read erotica of any kind, I have both my favorite subject matter (erotic SM among lesbians) and my most favored scenarios. And, with respect to this latter factor, I must frankly say that I never fail to be turned on when I read detailed descriptions of scenes in which a submissive woman is so mentally, emotionally, and physically aroused and stimulated by the skillful and loving "abuse" of her dominant partner/lover that she can achieve ecstatic orgasms without either needing or without being allowed to have any direct stimulation of her genitals. In saying this, I realize that I may just be indulging an uninformed male fantasy with respect to lesbians. It may well be that I have read too many lesbian novels written by males. I am here referring to many of those pocketbook novels about lesbians that were so popular in the 1970's. But, after all, so much erotica is on the fantasy level.
Thank you,
G.C., Florida

Bad Attitude,

Normally I am not the kind of lesbian to write a letter to the editor, but this time is different. And, I just want to give you feedback. I am writing about "The Urge Toward Jo," 1993.

The story was lovely, and hot. I am friends with numerous lesbians here at Memphis State. Some of whom are athletes, and we are unanimous in this sentiment. We have also decided that underage girls should not be and are no longer off limits to those of us who previously had limits. A couple of the athletes know from experience how willing young girls are, especially athletes. Camps with all girls certainly enhance the opportunities, they tell me.

We are not men. We do not intend to go out looking for girls. But we have decided if the opportunity presents itself, we will go for it. (Also, we are not rapists!)

I understand how politically incorrect, even in the lesbian community, it is to consider the positive aspects of adult dykes being with young girls. So, I am sure you have to be cautious about what kind of stories you print. Whatever you can print like this one, go for it. Also, whenever you can make subtle references or hints to the sexuality of young girls, please do it. If we cannot get the explicit, we will go for the non-explicit.

Now, for some random observation: you would not believe how "straight" sorority babes get turned on to women athletes, and how easily it is for athletes to get in their pants. I know. I am living proof, although I am no longer straight either. Think about it.
Lusting for girls,
M. B.
Memphis State University

Bad Attitude,

"Lesbians who don't like sex" hit a nerve with me. One of my ex's decided she didn't want to have sex with me after three months dating. Apparently this happened before, but I was so in love with her I stayed another year. I left and I still feel guilty.

My next lover, my current, is a stone butch who only lets me kiss her but who fulfills me sexually otherwise. We've gotten around her aversion to being touched by keeping a slave girl for me to ravage (although our slave is not permitted to have sex with me.) Our situation is unique, surely, but my lover is just that. Lesbians come in many varieties and we each fulfill our desires as we see fit.
Yours,
Kat in S.F.

Bad Attitude,

I would simply like to say thank you to your mailroom staff for their efforts to see that Bad Attitude is actually sent to me by airmail each time an issue is published. This is much more than I can say for On Our Backs, to whom I must write continually to remind them that the airmail subscription is now three months or so late. I appreciate your staff's diligence.
Sincerely,
A. P., Belgium

Bad Attitude,

My lover and I enjoy your magazine so very much we lie in bed and read it to each other.

Our problem is that it has gotten very hard to find any more. So to ensure that I can continue to enjoy your magazine I must subscribe.

I look forward to my first trip to the mailbox to find your magazine. Keep up the good work.
M. //

GIRL TALK

Question:

My lover and I have been together a year and want to purchase a home. I'm nervous about all the responsibility but I love her and want my own home. Should I take the step?

Answer:

It's great that you and your lover want to commit and buy property together—but let the buyer BEWARE. Once you own property with another person you are tied to that person and that property until the mortgage is paid off or the property sold. You will be half responsible for the mortgage and taxes, utilities, renovations and other miscellaneous things such as landscaping, snowplowing and repairs.

Right now you are both in the honeymoon phase—think long term. What if you break up—you are both still financially tied into that house. You could buy her out if you could afford it or sell the house, or continue living as friends. What if one wants to sell and the other doesn't? This could happen. What if you meet someone new and want to live with them but the woman you own the house with can't stand the other woman? What if? You could take equity from the first house to buy another home with your new lover but you also could be jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

People change. The woman you are madly in love with could evolve into a monster in a few years. In other words it can turn into a horror show, and could be quite expensive.

Joint home ownership can work for many women who often join resources for economic reasons in order to qualify for a mortgage. Just make certain you know and truly love and trust this woman before you enter into such a partnership. ♀

In the summer of 1992, along a woodland path on a cool and cloudy afternoon, a young woman was attacked. They came at her from behind, political predators, moving quickly along the trail to overtake her. They jabbed at her as they pushed past, heckling and sneering as they maneuvered around her. There were four of them, four stone hard faces shouting out accusatory names and hateful slogans, four stone hard faces closing in upon her, blocking her escape. She tried to step around them, but they shoved her back. She tried to protest, but they spat upon her. She tried to break free, but they struck her across the face. As she struggled, trying to ward-off the jabs and the blows and the spit, the faces of spectators and passers-by wavered around her. Some of them hurried past, averting their eyes. Others stopped and stared and then moved away. None of them were softened by the young woman's cries and none of them reached out to help her when she was knocked back against a tree, blood dripping from her nose.

The predators who attacked this young woman, who shoved, spat upon and slapped her, were themselves women. The passers-by who witnessed this crime but who chose not to intervene, were also women. And the setting for this act of brutality, the place where four women plotted and carried out a physical attack against one of their own, was a bastion of the women's community—a community that has touted the safety and superiority of women only environments. Because the young victim of this crime was wearing a black leather jacket, the attackers believed her to be an S/M woman and they believed they could harass and assault her because of her S/M orientation. The attackers believed they could commit this crime with impunity, that they could shove that young woman, spit upon her and slap her across the face without fear of intervention from anyone. And the witnesses who did nothing to stop the crime, failed to act because they too believed the young woman to be an S/M woman. They failed to intervene because they supported the criminal actions of those thugs or because they felt too intimidated to act responsibly and ethically.

SPECIAL REPORT:

STOPPING THE VIOLENCE

COURTESY OF VIOLENCE AGAINST S/M WOMEN WITHIN THE LESBIAN COMMUNITY, A NATIONWIDE SURVEY

The attack against that young woman was premeditated violence. The women who perpetrated the attack, the women who shouted out the slogans denouncing violence against women, were committing a criminal act of assault. But by cloaking themselves in an insulating mantle of self-righteousness, those vigilantes were oblivious to the pathetic irony of their words and actions. Instead, they saw themselves as the torch-bearers, the self-appointed tried and-true warriors of the authentic lesbian feminist nation. And in their arrogance, they also saw themselves as accountable to no one.

As the results of this survey graphically point out, that cowardly attack was not an isolated incident. To the contrary, throughout the years there has been a pattern of violence against S/M women within the lesbian community that continues today. S/M women are harangued, stalked, threatened, pushed, hit, kicked, and sexually harassed by non-S/M women.

Regardless of personal feelings and opinions about consensual S/M, no one has the right to harass, discriminate against or physically assault S/M women. Unfortunately, as the results of the survey have shown us, many non-S/M women in our community do not understand and do not accept this basic tenet of civilized conduct. These women have perpetuated a pattern of violence against S/M women within the lesbian community. And this pattern of violence has continued year after year. How do we stop it? How do we stop the violence against S/M women?

Numerous avenues can be and are being pursued in our struggle to stop the violence against us. Many women have courageously confronted the violence in their local lesbian communities and on the national scene. Their efforts must be recognized and supported. Following, are four grassroots strategies that focus on both individual and community approaches to stopping the violence. Alternative legal and political options are also explored.

Break The Silence — One of the most effective strategies that we can implement in our struggle to stop the violence is to break the silence. As individual women and as a community, we can speak in a loud clear voice when incidents of violence occur. Many women, however, believe it is pointless to report acts of violence against S/M women to a lesbian community leadership that all too often refuses to respond—the majority of S/M women in this survey who were victims of violence did not report those incidents. But despite the smug arrogance of some lesbian leaders, we must not allow our voices to be silenced. We must be heard each and every time one of our own is victimized. Report incidents of violence not only to those in charge of the events or organizations where the violence took place, but to the S/M community, the local and national women's, lesbian and gay newspapers, the lesbian and gay radio/television programs, and to abuse hotlines. Encourage other victims and witnesses of violence against S/M women to do the same.

Breaking the silence is the responsibility of every woman in the lesbian community. Many non-S/M women witness acts of violence against S/M women, but they do nothing. Many women's newspaper publishers and editors know about the violence against S/M women, but they do nothing. Many of the event organizers have received numerous reports of violence against S/M women at their events, but they do nothing. Condoning and/or ignoring incidents of violence against S/M women makes you a party to that violence. Regardless of personal feelings and opinions about consensual S/M, no one has the right to harass, discriminate against or physically assault S/M women. As lesbian, bisexual and queer women living in a society that has condemned us en masse as perverse, immoral, criminal and insane, surely, we understand the terrifying consequences of institutionalized bigotry. As lesbian, bisexual and queer women, surely, we will not succumb to self-inflicted persecution.

Organize - As S/M women, we must respond to the violence not only as individuals but as an organized community. We need to support our local women's S/M clubs and if there is no organized club in our local community, we need to start one. Encourage your club members to report incidents of harassment, discrimination and physical assault and disseminate information about such incidents to your membership. Inform new members of the political climate for S/M women within your local lesbian community. Conduct seminars and workshops for members to better prepare them to handle incidents of harassment, discrimination and physical assault. Provide emotional and political support to any S/M woman who is victimized by violence.

S/M women's clubs are the power base of the women's S/M community. There are approximately 30 women's S/M clubs nationwide and numerous informal S/M groups. In many metropolitan lesbian communities, the local S/M club is the largest women's group in that community. S/M women's clubs and groups have taken a leadership role in safer sex education within the lesbian community, and through their newsletters and magazines, have provided a forum for radical thought and sexual exploration. Our clubs are the foun

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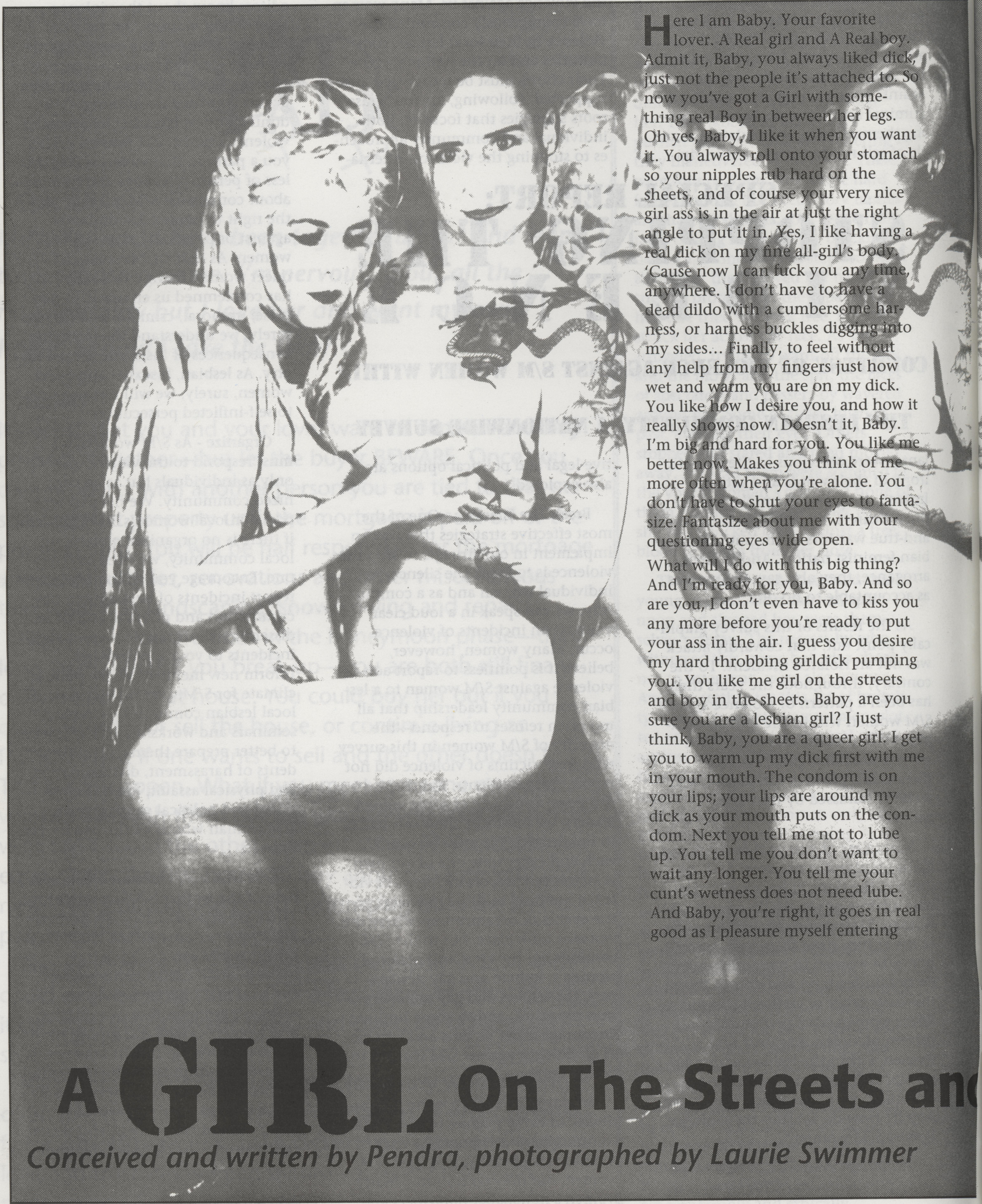
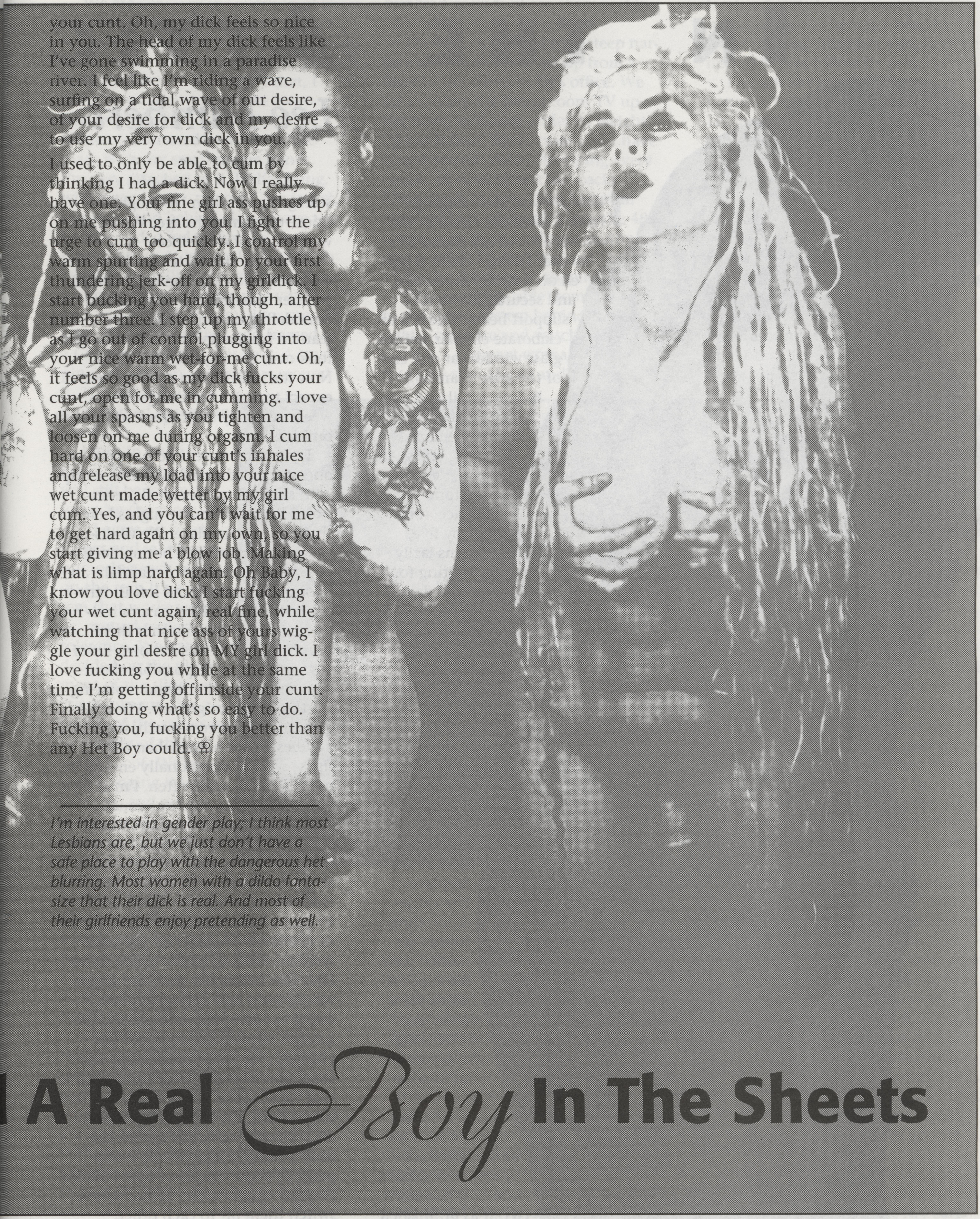


Here I am Baby. Your favorite lover. A Real girl and A Real boy. Admit it, Baby, you always liked dick, just not the people it's attached to. So now you've got a Girl with something real Boy in between her legs. Oh yes, Baby, I like it when you want it. You always roll onto your stomach so your nipples rub hard on the sheets, and of course your very nice girl ass is in the air at just the right angle to put it in. Yes, I like having a real dick on my fine all-girl's body. 'Cause now I can fuck you any time, anywhere. I don't have to have a dead dildo with a cumbersome harness, or harness buckles digging into my sides... Finally, to feel without any help from my fingers just how wet and warm you are on my dick. You like how I desire you, and how it really shows now. Doesn't it, Baby. I'm big and hard for you. You like me better now. Makes you think of me more often when you're alone. You don't have to shut your eyes to fantasize. Fantasize about me with your questioning eyes wide open.

What will I do with this big thing? And I'm ready for you, Baby. And so are you, I don't even have to kiss you any more before you're ready to put your ass in the air. I guess you desire my hard throbbing girldick pumping you. You like me girl on the streets and boy in the sheets. Baby, are you sure you are a lesbian girl? I just think, Baby, you are a queer girl. I get you to warm up my dick first with me in your mouth. The condom is on your lips; your lips are around my dick as your mouth puts on the condom. Next you tell me not to lube up. You tell me you don't want to wait any longer. You tell me your cunt's wetness does not need lube. And Baby, you're right, it goes in real good as I pleasure myself entering

A GIRL On The Streets an

Conceived and written by Pendra, photographed by Laurie Swimmer



your cunt. Oh, my dick feels so nice in you. The head of my dick feels like I've gone swimming in a paradise river. I feel like I'm riding a wave, surfing on a tidal wave of our desire, of your desire for dick and my desire to use my very own dick in you.

I used to only be able to cum by thinking I had a dick. Now I really have one. Your fine girl ass pushes up on me pushing into you. I fight the urge to cum too quickly. I control my warm spurting and wait for your first thundering jerk-off on my girldick. I start bucking you hard, though, after number three. I step up my throttle as I go out of control plugging into your nice warm wet-for-me cunt. Oh, it feels so good as my dick fucks your cunt, open for me in cumming. I love all your spasms as you tighten and loosen on me during orgasm. I cum hard on one of your cunt's inhales and release my load into your nice wet cunt made wetter by my girl cum. Yes, and you can't wait for me to get hard again on my own, so you start giving me a blow job. Making what is limp hard again. Oh Baby, I know you love dick. I start fucking your wet cunt again, real fine, while watching that nice ass of yours wiggle your girl desire on MY girl dick. I love fucking you while at the same time I'm getting off inside your cunt. Finally doing what's so easy to do. Fucking you, fucking you better than any Het Boy could. ⚢

I'm interested in gender play; I think most Lesbians are, but we just don't have a safe place to play with the dangerous het blurring. Most women with a dildo fantasize that their dick is real. And most of their girlfriends enjoy pretending as well.

d A Real *Boy* In The Sheets

IN THE ATTIC

Lee Lambert

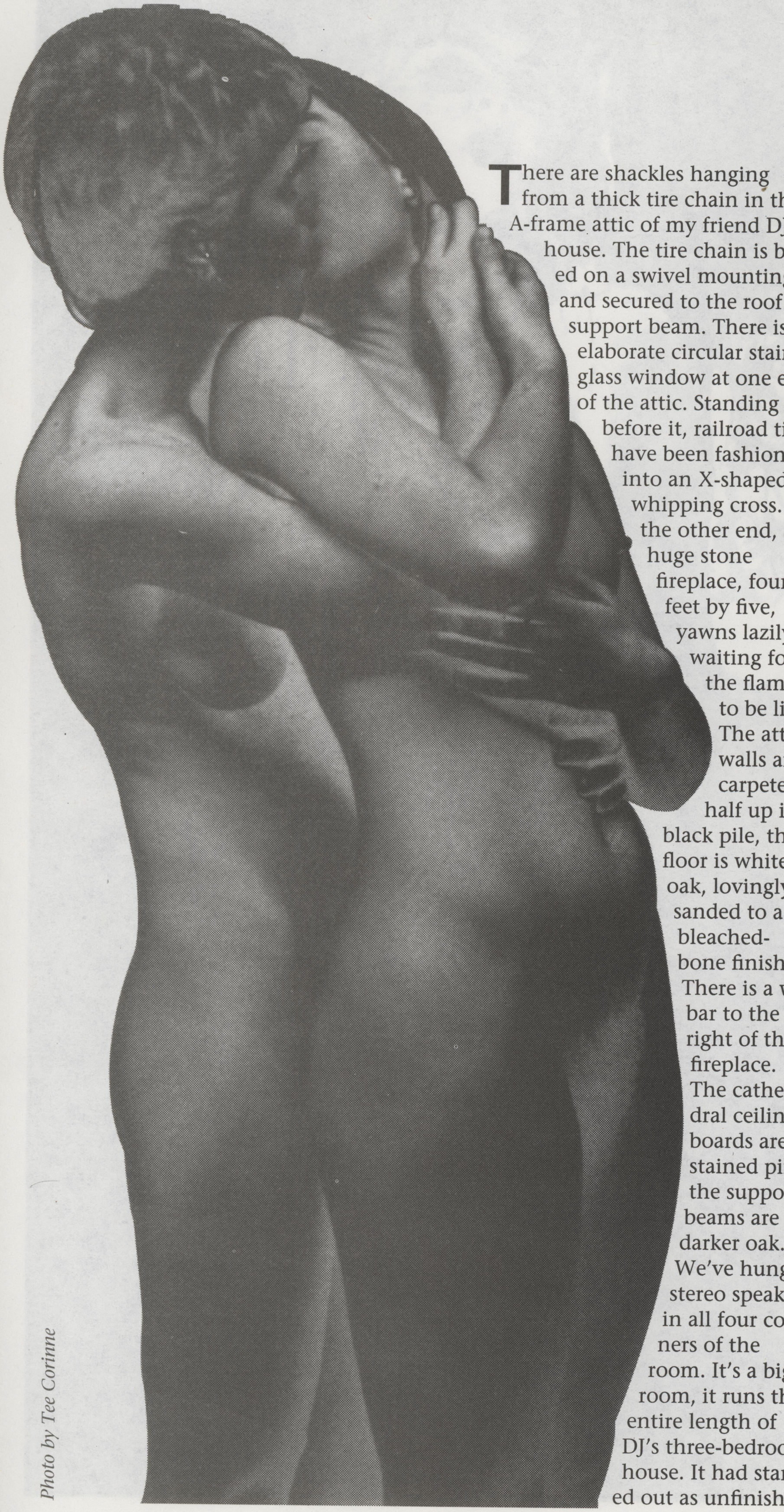


Photo by Tee Corinne

There are shackles hanging from a thick tire chain in the A-frame attic of my friend DJ's house. The tire chain is bolted on a swivel mounting and secured to the roof support beam. There is an elaborate circular stained glass window at one end of the attic. Standing before it, railroad ties have been fashioned into an X-shaped whipping cross. At the other end, a huge stone fireplace, four feet by five, yawns lazily waiting for the flame to be lit. The attic walls are carpeted half up in black pile, the floor is white oak, lovingly sanded to a bleached-bone finish. There is a wet bar to the right of the fireplace. The cathedral ceiling boards are stained pine, the support beams are a darker oak. We've hung stereo speakers in all four corners of the room. It's a big room, it runs the entire length of DJ's three-bedroom house. It had started out as unfinished storage space when DJ bought the house eight months ago. We've been working on it ever since.

When we started the project there were several other women involved. Neither of us knew a thing about remodeling or carpentry, so we learned from a few professionals and took over as we gained the skills. Now it's just the two of us and we expect to finish the dungeon this weekend. Party invitations will go out on Monday.

I don't live here. I do have use of one of the bedrooms, which is set up with some of my personal possessions. I've spent many nights here since DJ got the place. We've discussed my moving in but no decision has been reached yet. I maintain an enormous open-spaced loft in rent-controlled Santa Monica as a residence. My ex-lover crashes there most nights. She has her own set of keys and is very responsible about who she brings home and replacing anything they might use. We still love each other very much, we're still buddies. If I'm home when she's there, we will occasionally end up in my waterbed. More often, I'm at DJ's and she's on my fold-out couch.

DJ and I have a very rare friendship. It sprang up during a conversation at a boring cocktail fund-raiser and was cemented at an S/M party in Hollywierd six months later. It's easy to get to know someone when both of you have your fists up the same woman, holding hands inside of her. DJ is one of the few women I know who is even half as feral as I am. I enjoy her company immensely. We haven't been to bed together yet although we have discussed it. The attraction runs tinder dry and I think that we are both afraid of the fire that might burn hot enough to consume us. For now, we've put sex on the back burner. If it happens, it happens. DJ has a couple of fuck buddies, I have a couple more, sometimes we switch them off to each other.

We are debating the addition of a big screen TV and VCR to the conversation/rest area near the bar. DJ thinks that it would be great for porn flicks and while I agree with that, I don't want anything to take away from the fireplace. I built the fireplace, mortared each stone into place with my small square hands. I'm very attached to it. DJ has hung, with my consent, my old Club jacket, mounted and behind glass, above the hearth. Faded red embroidery on black leather, "Chicago HellFire Club Women's Auxiliary." A gift from the woman who trained me many years ago. Several sizes too small for me now, DJ had it blocked and framed as a Christmas present this year. A small pin spot casts an amber glow around it. The jacket is the only framed artwork in the room.

I give in on the video. The fireplace will still be the main focus for the room. DJ and I agree on most things and take turns humoring each other on the rest. It's a system that works well for us, mutual respect and tolerance. We haven't decided on the placement of the sling yet. Eye hooks run the length of the rafters on both sides of the peaked roof. We've tried hanging it from every set and no option works for both of us as yet. The sling is an elaborate affair. The fourth that I've made by hand, it is DJ's first experience with leather-working. We've spent two months making it. Boiled leather support webbing with soft black kidskin sewn on to any area where it might touch skin. Each seam is triple stitched by hand and the stainless steel rivets add strength. The ceiling chains are also stainless steel and end in die cast closing S-hooks. Ankle and wrist restraints have been built in and are also soft but strong black kid. I'm very proud of this piece, it's one of my best and a great first leather project for DJ. We've tested it with seven hundred pounds of sandbags and it showed no signs of stress.

The attic is reached by a steep narrow set of stairs that led up from a door in the closet of DJ's office. We are carrying the living room TV up the steps, straining under its weight. DJ has it from the bottom and I have it mid-screen. We are stopping every couple of steps to rest our backs. Mine needs it more than hers, I'm older and out of shape. Once the 48" screen is in place I collapse on the couch while DJ goes back for the VCR. The dungeon is shaping up.

DJ is running cable from the VCR to the stereo system behind the bar. I light a cigarette and watch her.

DJ is a compact woman. Her body is square-shouldered and flat-assed.

Photo by Lydia Virgona

She seems taller than her five feet two inches. She has a tattoo that is mostly visible from my angle on the couch, a winged tiger flying across her left shoulder blade. Her white ribbed tank top is damp with sweat in the afternoon's heat. Her nipples are just barely poking at the material. There is a light dusting of hair on her legs and under her arms; like me, she doesn't shave. Her neck is thick, leading to a squared-off jaw and surprisingly pixiesh facial features. She is overdue for a haircut and her strawberry blond hair hangs over her high forehead and almost into her turquoise eyes. There is a bead of sweat running from her temple to her neck. My eyes follow its progress.

Perhaps she can feel my eyes on her; she looks up and grins at me. The hook-ups are complete. DJ grabs two bottles from the fridge, a beer for her and an almost beer for me. She hands me my bottle and flops down on the sofa next to me throwing a casual leg over mine. She puts a CD in. The soft sounds of Jean Michele Jarre's 'Oxygine' drift over the room. We're both tired. It's been a very long day, we started at six this morning and only took a quick McDonald's break around two. We're obsessed with finishing the attic this weekend. There are only a few details left to be taken care of now. The clothes lockers are out in the backyard. We painted them with a coat of high gloss black spray paint. Other than dragging them up here the only thing left is hanging the sling.

DJ takes a silver cigarette case from the hip pocket of her bush shorts and hands it to me.

"Light us one."

I stub out my cigarette, take a precision rolled joint of green bud from the case and light it. Sweet smoke fills my lungs as I pass the joint to her.

"Better than your damn pipe," she states before toking deeply. She's teasing me about my inability to roll a smokable joint after almost twenty years of smoking the stuff. I always have to use a pipe, I also always forget to clean it. DJ says that smoking from my pipe is like trying to suck a grapefruit through a straw. I say she has weak lungs. Pot is my only recreational drug these days. I gave the rest of it up when I quit booze a few years back. I'm getting healthier.

DJ leans into me and holds the joint to my lips. She's holding her own hit, trying not to lose it. I can

> She has three fingers buried deep inside of me, see-sawing. I am at the edge again, a sunburst of sweet pressure enveloping me. She's kissing my neck, biting me. I come hard on her hand, transfixed in the rush of orgasm as she rakes her teeth on my neck, leaving marks that will take days to fade.

feel how close we are, my arm around her, her leg across my thigh. Her fingertips brush my lips gently as I suck on the joint. Her hand draws back slowly, the back of it grazing my cheek as she curls her fingers around to catch a hot ash. She lets the smoke out through her nose, a miniature dragon. There is a tension between us now, I can feel my heart rate increase. She puts the joint to my lips again, the room is warm and we are close, too close. Her fingers are feather-light on my lips, the feeling is sensuous. I raise a hand to her chin, I'm going to kiss her and there isn't a damned thing that I can do to stop myself.

DJ is quicker. Before my hand finds her chin, her mouth is on mine, aggressive, searching. Her tongue pries my lips open even as they part for her. One of her hands is on my neck, the other is stroking my thigh with slow circular motions. She's raising goose flesh on my arms and the back of my neck. My hands find her and I pull her in closer, almost in my lap. Her kiss becomes both more tender and urgent. A hand has moved to my belt buckle and the other starts to caress my left breast, tweaking the nipple ring, then more slow circular motions. My nipples go rock hard. The joint begins to burn the coffee table where it has fallen. DJ breaks the kiss to put the roach in the ashtray.

No words are spoken. Our eyes meet, my green-gray to her blue. The hunger is well defined, intensity mounting. Her fingers run across my neck into the short hair on the back of my head, there they establish a firm hold and pull me forward to meet her kiss again. The other hand is busily popping the buttons of my work shirt. A knee positions itself between my thighs, the friction from my fatigues is exquisite. My shirt is open and her clever fingers are working nimbly on the fatigue's fly. Her tongue is circling mine, probing, adding to my mounting pleasure.

She's the aggressor, communicating her need of me. Painting a canvas of desire on my body with hers. It's been many years since I've been this passive. I have a strong desire to take charge of this, to put her on her back and fuck her brains out. I know that I can, that she would allow it and enjoy me that way. She's giving me the chance to relax and enjoy. To give up control. It's a matter of trust. Her thumb and forefinger tug on my nipple ring, sending a shiver of delight through me. I trust her.

Her fingers have worked their way into my fatigues, the heel of her palm is pressing on my pelvic bone, my hips rise to meet it. Her breath has become strained. I open my eyes long enough to see the glint of concentration in hers. I recognize the set of her jaw, there is a fire burning in those eyes. Her fingers start to caress my pubic hair. I've been wet since watching her do the hook ups. I've wanted her for more than a year. I've fantasized numerous scenarios with her under me, weight shifting, my pelvic bone grinding into her groin. I have never fantasized this.

Two fingers slide from my vaginal opening to my clit and back again. Her mouth moves down to my breasts, taking first one nipple then the other into her warm, wet mouth, favoring the pierced left, using her teeth to tug on the ring. With each tug her fingers brush my clit, just enough to get my hips moving, not enough to make me come. She's playing me like an expert. Teasing me into begging her for release. Two fingers drive deep into me, her thumb takes over on my clit as the fingers rock in and out slowly. I'm covered in sweat. My head goes back and a deep groan escapes me as she takes my nipple, ring and all into her mouth and sucks hard. She's increasing the pace of her fingers inside of me, fucking faster. I'm engorged, all the blood in my body is rushing to my crotch, my hips are straining, keeping pace with the motion of her hand. My clit is ridged under her circling thumb. Her mouth is on my nipple, teeth devouring me. I'm getting close to the edge, falling...

The motion of her thumb stops, leaving me hanging on the brink of orgasm. My eyes open on hers. She's smiling around my nipple. Her mouth leaves my breast and meets mine. She's gagged me properly, she knows my need.

"Tell me." Her voice is harsh with desire, her thumb flicks my clit hard. "Tell me you want me."

The wall is coming down. I lose myself in her desire knowing that I can trust her for this.

"Fuck me." My voice is a whisper.

"Louder, girl. I can't hear you." Her tone is demanding and her thumb flicks my center again.

"Fuck me. Please." Louder this time, my voice has taken on a begging quality.

She smiles and her thumb starts moving slowly, her fingers inside me match the tempo.

"Like this?" She teases me. My hips are meeting each gentle thrust. I need more.

"Harder, please fuck me harder." Her thumb makes direct contact flicking my clit hard again. I groan.

"I want to hear you." She hisses close to my ear.

I pivot my hips into her hand. My breathing is coming in sobs.

"Do you want to come on my hand baby?" Her lips are right at my ear. "Do you want me to make you come all over my hand?"

She starts to piston the fingers inside of me keeping steady pressure on my clit, driving into me hard.

"I want you to take me... Oh please make me come... Oh God!" My voice is strained, unrecognizable. It all comes spilling out of me in that voice that doesn't seem at all like mine. "Wanted so long... Just like this... Oh God please don't stop... Fuck me... Yes!" My affirmations are loud as I feel the heat centering deep in my cunt. She has three fingers buried deep inside of me, see-sawing. I am at the edge again, a sunburst of sweet pressure enveloping me. She's kissing my neck, biting me. I come hard on her hand, transfixed in the rush of orgasm as she rakes her teeth on my neck, leaving marks that will take days to fade.

My breathing is almost back to normal, she's been cradling me against her breasts, arms around me as I get myself under control. I feel calm and sheltered by her presence. She leans down and kisses me again. Tenderly, her fingers outline the bite marks on my neck. She is still fully clothed, untouched. I reach for her and she catches my wrist.

"Plenty of time later." She presses my face back into her breasts. She is content in my pleasure for now. My mind drifts.

Tomorrow we'll move the lockers up here and hang the sling. The party invitations go out on Monday. ⚢

Latent Image

A Memoir

Sara Aletti

Barbara seemed old: 40, maybe 45. I was your classic feckless youth of 16, so she might as well have been ancient as the sphinx.

She was slightly above average height, with straight brown hair flipped at the ends just above the shoulders, and bangs covering her forehead. She had even, slightly coarse features — thick, pouting lips, a long pudgy nose, and big dark eyes.

She dressed severely, usually wearing a shapeless sweatshirt with sleeves split at the elbows, a kind of colorless color — maybe ecru, though we didn't seem to have a word for it then. She wore no bra, and you could tell her breasts were big and soft and slack by the way they swung loosely under the thick fabric.

She wore unbelted, wide-wale corduroys that ballooned around her ass and bagged at the knees. They always looked strange since they were pegged at the ankles in a day when bell bottoms were the uniform. She was invariably barefoot, showing off her narrow feet and long, elegant unpainted toes below the pegged trouser legs. She sometimes wore a beaded headband, and always wore a thin strand of beads at her right ankle, the only discernible jewelry she wore.

At first I just saw her at the fringe of parties — sticking to herself or hanging around women she knew. She wasn't friendly, seldom smiled and I never saw her laugh. But she had a strange and appealing intensity.

I had asked about her and was told that she was a photographer — in fact I had somewhat pompously introduced myself to her as a fellow photographer. I had seen one of her shows at an East Village gallery — one at which I later had my own show.

After we saw each other a few times, she nodded curtly; she never spoke, but I found her staring at me. At first she gave me the willies, but after a while I came to expect it — and felt vaguely slighted if she didn't stare.

Open sex was the order of the day, especially down where I lived, an East Village commune with a shifting population of around 25. We each had a mattress on the floor, and blankets hung on a network of ropes for an imperfect privacy. Everybody fucked, generally publicly. And even though I was literally and legally a babe, I got into the spirit of things: I was your classic hippie honey, barefoot and braless, ready to drop my pants for anyone who asked.

I never saw Barbara fuck. She'd get scarce if our parties turned into orgies, which they occasionally did. She'd watch for a while, then leave.

I finally realized that she was a lesbian when at a party I found her with another woman, a tall blonde, in the bathroom. Barbara had slipped her hand down the front of the woman's pants. The woman's eyes slid closed and she began to breathe heavily through her mouth while she rotated her hips against the moving hand inside her pants. I watched fascinated, until the woman opened her eyes, saw me and hissed at me to scram. Barbara, however, turned and gave me a rare smile.

I ran out of the bathroom, startled and not a little bit turned on. An impromptu group sex session had developed on the floor. There were five people in various configurations and states of undress who were just beginning to go at it. I pulled off my shirt and stepped out of my pants, looked for an opening — fortunately, there was the odd guy — and plunged into the group.

A few minutes later, Barbara came out of the bathroom to find me sitting on this guy's dick. She walked over to me and just stared at my tits, which were bouncing up and down as the guy bucked under me. She bit her lip and watched me. I made a great show of climaxing, though in fact I was nowhere near.

Afterwards, she came up to me. "You have a beautiful body. Have you ever considered posing nude for photographs?"

Of course, as part of a circle of artists and photographers and writers and poets, I had already posed nude — for the pros and for the guys who just pretended to be photographers so they could see me walk around naked. Posing was how I made food money and enough to pay for my own film and paper. I was the Kiki of the East Village. Maybe, I thought,

Photo by Barbara Briscoe

"Sweat can be sexy," I said. "If I look wet enough, they may get the impression I've just had a real good fuck." I winked at her.

Completely naked now, I climbed onto the couch and tried to be Madame Recamier, lying on my back but turning towards the camera, which in this case was a big Deardorff view camera.

"Good," Barbara said, unlimbering a Lunapro meter from its case. "That's about right. Hold onto it while I set these lights." With some difficulty, she pulled the big standing floor lights over to me, adjusting the height of the reflectors by eye.

She leaned over and ran a finger along my belly. "We've got to let those marks disappear." I looked down. The waistband from my jeans left a long welt.

I arched my back to show off my breasts, and watched Barbara stare at me before pulling herself away to attend to the lighting. After pulling three big lights across the floor and popping off the speedlights like rimshots to build up the charge, she came over and knelt before me. I could feel her hot breath on my damp skin as she ran the light meter up and down my body.

She picked up a 35MM — an Alpa, an unusual camera. She squatted in front of me and shot up as I leaned over the couch and looked down at her. She circled me, clicking and smoothly winding the film with her thumb as she went. I stuck my breasts out and leaned towards her, giving her come-hithers over my shoulder, flinging my head back — a bad idea since my hair stuck to my dripping back, trying cutesy sidelong glances.

Occasionally, she'd put the 35MM down and get under the focusing hood behind the Deardorff. "Hold that — just like that," she'd say. She'd squeeze the bulb and the speedlights would pop off. I could smell the ozone in the air.

After about an hour of shooting variations on Madame Recamier, with maybe a little ass-first, come-hither, over-the-shoulder Pauline Bonaparte thrown in for good measure, I felt it was time for a little excitement. Barbara had shot maybe five rolls of 35MM and at least two dozen 4x5s. If she didn't have what she needed by now, she never would.

"Hey Barbara, this is all too civilized. How about something more sexy?" I asked.

"Like what?" She stuck her head out from behind the hood.

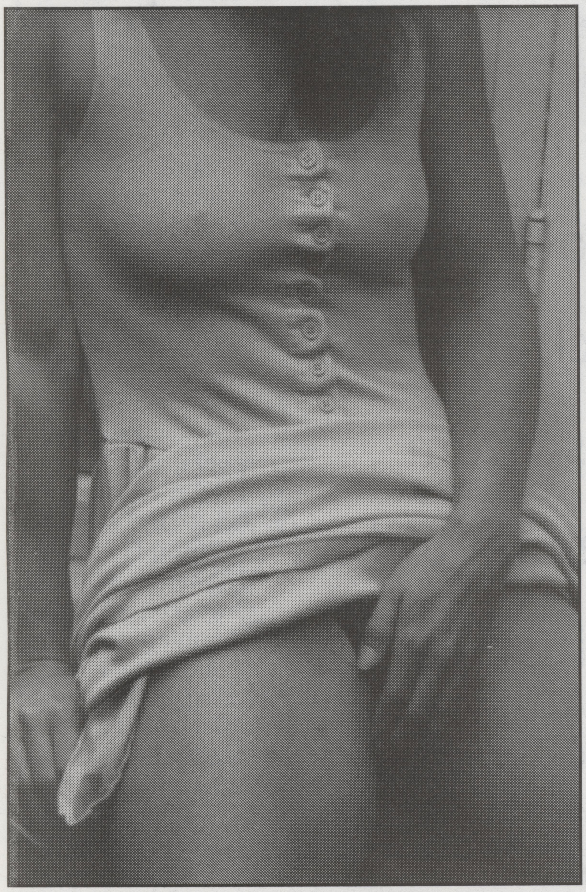
"Let's cut the artsy crap. Let's get raunchy."

I bent my legs back so that my knees touched my ears. I grabbed my heels and straightened and splayed my legs as wide as I could: (I just tried to do that again — I can't) I could feel my vagina lips open. I was dripping with sweat, but I knew my cunt would be sticky from the juice of excitement as well.

"Am I open deep enough for you to shoot inside?" I asked innocently. "Or should I spread it open with my fingers? Maybe you could aim a shoot right in there. I hope it's nice and moist and shiny for you..."

Barbara put the slide back into the film holder and grabbed her 35MM. She walked over to me, eyes glued to my cunt. She was soaking wet.

"Hey, you're sopping," I said. "Your sweat is dripping. Why don't you undress and cool off a minute before we continue." I smiled mischievously. "I'll take YOUR picture."



Photos by
Nancy B.

She stared at me, then smiled. She skinned off the soaking sweatshirt and threw it in the corner with a plop. Now it was my turn to stare and draw a sharp breath. I knew her breasts would be big, low and probably flat. They were, but they were bigger and wider than I had imagined. They were striated with a maze of stretchmarks where they hung heavily from her chest. But they were also surprisingly buoyant, and her nipples were enormous. The aureolae were big and thick, dark brown and rough as sandpaper. Her nipples were long and blunt like tootsie rolls. The word that occurred to me as I stared at them was "chewy."

She looked down at her breasts as she cradled them in her hands. She looked back up at me. "How do you like my breasts?"

"They're lovely." My voice sounded distant and thick. I couldn't keep my eyes off those nipples. I felt a twinge in my cunt.

"They're heavier and saggier than your baby tits," she said, walking towards me. "Then, they've probably seen more action than yours. I'm sure that as sexually precocious as you are, you hot-assed little bitch, my nipples have gotten more sucking than yours."

She unbuttoned her pants and stepped out of them. She had a big, dark bush and large very thick buttocks — not fat, but very pronounced and round, and slightly waffled with cellulite.

She walked right up to me, bent slightly backwards, placed her hands on her thighs and pulled them apart to reveal her cunt, hidden like treasure in the underbrush. "I'll bet I've had more sets of lips on this cunt than you have on yours." She closed her legs again.

She dropped to her knees in front of me, so our heads were nearly parallel. "What do you think?"

She leaned towards me and I backed up. "I don't know," I said cautiously. The momentum of our encounter had shifted. I had led her around by the cunt all morning; now she was leading the action.

She stood again and threw me the towel. "Dry me off." She bent over and spread her asscheeks. I stood and put my arm around her waist and began roughly to rub the towel over her buttocks and between her legs. I could feel her tits and scratchy nipples sway against my arm.

She turned abruptly, put her arms around me and crushed her body against mine. Our bodies stuck together with sweat.

"You little cunt tease," she said in a half-whisper. "You know you're driving me crazy." She rubbed her nose against mine, then we slowly touched lips. Her kiss was soft and slow, even delicate; but God, it was ELECTRIC. As I opened my mouth to invite her tongue in, she lowered her hand and found my left breast. I tried to pull away but couldn't. Her fingers found my nipple and began to tease it to erection. Her tongue slid in, and she began to force her hips against mine. Our pubic hairs meshed, and I could feel her wet, sticky nether lips against mine. I got a thrill out of the thought that both sets of our lips were kissing.

Slowly, her tongue still in my mouth, she forced me down onto the studio floor. She crawled on top of me, dragging her tongue the length of my body on her way. Breast to breast, cunt to cunt, she explored my mouth and began to grind her hips against me. The nests of our pubic hair rubbed together, creating a richly textured caress. I could feel my clit-bud swell as I explored ways of arching my back and swiveling my thighs to create the maximum impact of this new cunt-on-cunt experience. I finally opened my legs and threw them around her ass, hoping to increase the pressure on my cunt.

> I'll bet I've had more sets of lips on this cunt than you have on yours. ❞

"Oh God, stick your fingers in there. Fuck me. Make me cum." I began to tremble in desperation. That climax was there somewhere, just below the surface, just out of reach, but it burned and itched in me, ready to burst out like the alien in the later horror movie.

Barbara looked down at me and smiled. "Little bitch needs it now, huh?" She caressed my hair, staring deep into my eyes. "Baby wants Daddy's prick, huh?"

I pounded my heels on her ass, trying to drive her cunt into mine. "Please, please, I can't stand it," I gasped.

"You're not going to cum yet, you little cunt tease. You'll cum when I want you to cum. And it'll be good. OK?"

"OK," I panted. "But I'm not really a lesbian..." I began to protest.

"Bullshit," Barbara hissed. "Don't kid yourself baby. I don't care how many times you've been fucked or how many cocks you've sucked. You can fool yourself, but you can't fool me. It's cunt that you want, and it's cunt that you're going to get. Mine. You may have convinced yourself you came here to tease me, but you came here because you wanted me to grab you and take you. You came here to have sex with a woman."

Barbara leaned over to me, so that her big tits swayed towards my mouth. "Suck my nipples and tell me you're not queer." She grabbed the back of my head and pulled my face into her tits. "Suck."

Her right tit flattened itself against my face. I opened my mouth and began to search through the soft flesh with my tongue and lips for the nipple. I found it and sucked it in. It was so big and hard, I could have sworn I'd sucked smaller dicks. Slowly, I pulled the whole nipple in, then its aureola, then I began to vacuum up the soft, slack titflesh. My mouth slowly filled with tit until there was no room left.

Her tit still in my mouth, she reached down and spread my cunt with her thumb and fourth finger, then flipped her index and middle fingers back and forth against my clitoris. I yelled with surprise and exhilaration, letting her heavy tit dribble out of my mouth. Her fingers slid smoothly against what must have been a bucket of satiny pussy juice.

"In, shove them in," I pleaded, begging to be entered.

"No. I don't like penetration." She ran her finger back and forth over the entrance to my vagina, but wouldn't enter me. When she went beyond my cunt to tickle my asshole, I tried to force my ass down over her finger, but she curled it. "Oh please, stick it in. Fuck me in the ass."

Reluctantly, she rubbed my asshole until she had found the part in my gristle, which was already nicely lubricated and dripping with my juice. She straightened her finger, and I pushed myself down onto it until she was deep inside me.

"Ohhh, that feels heavenly," I sighed. I lifted my ass and drove it back down again and again, like a pile driver driving a spike.

"Such a sweet little baby cunt," she cooed while I huffed and puffed. "Lips like lace." Her finger still in my ass, she bent over and opened my cunt with her other hand, spread its lips, then blew gently on them. I trembled and experienced the first of several spasms deep within me.

"Let it go, honey, come again and again. You can have as many climaxes as you want. Let it out." She blew on my cunt some more, then leaned down and kissed it as I bucked, nearly wrenching her finger out of joint. A string of little climaxes jolted me as I marveled at the heat of her breath and the softness of her kissing lips.

I was ready for her to go down on me. My legs, bent at the knee, were spread so wide I nearly got a kink in my calf muscles. Covered with sweat, I held my breath, anticipating her tongue. Instead, Barbara pulled her finger out of my ass and offered it to me. I licked it clean, then sucked on it until she rolled away and lay at my side. "Aren't you going to use your tongue on me?" I gasped in astonishment and disappointment. If this was lesbian love it wasn't very fulfilling.

"Your cunt is such a tight, sweet little bud," she said, staring at the ceiling. "It's such a fresh little baby cunt." She slowly lifted her legs and spread them. "Get down there and take a look at a well-used cunt."

"I don't think..."

"It's OK for me to use my tongue on you, but you don't want to use YOUR tongue on another woman, right?" she said sharply, before I could decline. "It's OK for ME to be a lesbian and service you, but YOU don't want to be one and service me, right? Not our hot-assed little Sara. She couldn't be queer, could she?"

I had had a couple of little climaxes — more than usual — but I felt there could be more. Reluctantly, I turned and crawled down to take a look between her legs which she spread wider. The heat and musky smell of her cunt was intoxicating.

"Now, beg me to lick you. Beg me to climax in your mouth."

"Please, Barbara, lick me. Let me climax in your mouth."

"No, I'm not going to force myself on you." She abruptly snapped her legs shut. "You're going to have to ask me."

She sat back, splayed out her legs again, and started playing with her pussy. Fascinated, I watched her index finger rub against the quivering nub of her clit as her dripping pussy lips trembled and the waffly fat of her inner thighs jiggled. "Go ahead. Ask me to lick your cunt."

I was so hot I'd do anything for a good tonguing. "Please, Barbara, lick my cunt."

Photos by Nancy B.

"Beg me," she smiled.

"Please, God, PLEASE, lick my cunt."

"What will you do for me if I lick your cunt?"

"Anything. I'll do anything. Just get me off."

She opened her legs wider. "I think I'd really like to feel your tongue on my cunt first," she said. "But I'm not going to make you lick me. I'm not even going to ask you to lick me."

I looked blankly at her over her muff.

"You're not going to say that I made you lick my cunt. No. I'm not going to force you into any lesbian activity. If you're not a lesbian, then dress now and leave. Better yet, you like to fuck so much, leave naked. You'll be fucked in the ass before you get half a block. Then you'll really get off, nasty little exhibitionist that you are. Wouldn't you just love to get fucked in the ass in front of everyone on Greene Street?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Me," she laughed. "I don't want you to do anything. If you don't find my steaming pussy attractive, leave. If you don't want to get down here on your knees and open up my cunt with your fingers and get your nose right down in there and shove your tongue right into it, then leave. But you may never learn what a hot cunt tastes like."

I stared at her cunt while she lazily frigged herself. "Right here," she said breathily, "that's the spot. That's where your tongue goes."

"Beg me, Sara," she said, watching me. "Say please, Barbara, let me suck your cunt. Please let me taste your juice. Please, please, please let me lick your asshole. Please let me give you a climax, Barbara, I'll be a good girl. Please, Barbara, come in my mouth."

"Please, Barbara, let me suck your cunt. Let me taste your juice. Let me lick your asshole." My voice sounded like it was coming from someone else, far away. "Let me give you a climax. Please Barbara, come in my mouth. I'll be a good girl."

"That's it," she said. "Now get down and suck on my feet. Clean them with your tongue. They have to be spotless before I'll let you lick my cunt."

I moved down from her cunt and positioned myself below her feet. I began with her toes. One by one, I kissed them and licked them, running my tongue over and under them, then between them. I was surprised at how this act of debasement excited me. I sucked on her big toe like it was the richest cock in the world, digging at her cuticles with my tongue and using my teeth on the thick, blunt toenails. I was surprised that I could get all her wiggling toes and half of her foot into my mouth.

The soles of her feet were almost as soft as titflesh except at the balls, which were callused and dirty from the studio floor. I kissed and nuzzled them, sucking at the dirt in what proved to be a fruitless effort to clean it off. (Later I perfected the technique of cleaning dirty soles, along with so many others; you have to scrape with your teeth.) She rubbed the soles of her saliva-soaked feet over my face as I kissed them and tried to suck her toes again into my mouth.

After tonguing her ankles, I made my way up her hard shins to her pubic hair. Slowly, she opened her legs again, and her cunt opened like a blossom. Her outer labia looked like the statues my grandmother had on her credenza of a hooded madonna. I thought THEY were funny, but this Madonna seemed worth worshipping.

I got to within inches of her pussy. I could smell her hot, musky pussy-breath. Her vaginal lips were quivering as she played with the nub of her clitoris. Marveling that I felt no repulsion, no hesitation, I bent down and kissed and licked her slimy fingers until she moved them. I took a deep breath, as if I expected never to come up for air, and buried my nose in her nest. I nibbled gently at her cunt, thrilling to the subtle tremors I felt deep within her as I laid my arms up over her stomach and began to run my hands over her chest.

> Please, Barbara, let me suck your cunt. Please let me lick your asshole.”

At first I couldn't seem to find her tits. The center of her chest was hard and bony as I ran my fingers over the ridges of her sternum and her ribs. I finally found her heavy, sagging breasts: they had slipped away from her chest and down her sides. I cradled one in each hand. They seemed like big, overripe melons, as heavy and shapeless as water balloons. I played with them until I found those wondrous nipples. I grabbed onto them and let her breasts fall away against her ribcage. I squeezed her big hard nipples rhythmically, rubbing them between my fingers like I was rolling a joint.

Returning my attention to Barbara's cunt, I lowered my head and began to dig my tongue into her vaginal channel. I had never examined — visually or orally — a vagina before. I was amazed at its intricacy, the inner and outer folds, the proudly erect clitoris, the tangy little urethra, a marvelously erotic landscape, a virtual map of lust.

Her lower lips were dripping and sticky as I began to kiss them, gingerly at first, then deeply and with increasing passion. Her lips stuck to mine as I moved my head. I reached her little bud and began to flick my tongue over it.

"Jesus yes, you hot little bitch," Barbara moaned. "Ooh, I knew you'd be good. Come on, don't be so delicate. Bite me. Make me squirm."

I bit down on her clit, held it between my teeth and shook my head. She grabbed my hands which were lying on her stomach and pulled them up on to her tits. I squeezed and twisted her nipples. Barbara began to respond, first trembling deeply, then writhing more and more violently as I tongued her to a climax. I pushed my tongue as deep as I could into her cunt, lapped out the warm sticky liquid of her passion. God, it was nectar. I had never tasted anything so sweet and beautiful.

She began to grunt and her whole body shook. She grabbed my head and forced it hard against her cunt, at the same time wrapping her legs hard around my neck, locking me in place. I could barely breathe. I thought she'd break my nose when she climaxed.

Afterwards, she lay on me and began slowly to grind her hips against mine. My immediate reaction was to open my legs to her, but she kept her hands on my hips to hold my legs together. Her tits felt delicious on mine, and as our pubic nests merged and began to chafe together, our pussy lips seemed to find each other and ignite. I couldn't believe the sensation — a slow ache that began deep in my stomach and began to grow into a hot fierce pain.

As I began to gasp, she altered her rhythm and began to push more and grind less. She withdrew her hands from my hips, which I took as a signal to part my legs and throw them around her ass. I dug my heels deep into her asscheeks to push her harder against me.

My God, it was like getting fucked by a man, but without the penetration. Of course, I had never heard the term tribadism — such an odd, exotic-sounding word for such a natural, smooth, sweet act.

I loved the feel of a woman's body against mine. I loved feeling her big, soft tits mashed against mine. And I loved her slippery cunt lips against mine.

Photo by Barbara Briscoe

This time my climax exploded as I heaved and gasped against my first female lover. Again and again I climaxed as she mercilessly rubbed against me. I could feel her heave and buck as she bit down harder and harder on my lips and tongue.

After about ten minutes of this new fucking, she raised herself on her arms. Her breasts swung free and I ducked down under them so I could chew on those sweet nipples again. She lay down on me again and slid down my body, holding onto my nipples as she let herself slowly down my slippery body.

She stuck her tongue in my navel and kissed it deeply, then with her tongue traced the little track of downy hair leading to my cunt. She nuzzled my pubic hair for a while, taking tufts of it into her mouth and chewing on it, until with her tongue she parted it to find my cunt. With her teeth she pulled my cunt lips into her mouth, sucking and chewing on the delicate flesh until I thought I'd go crazy. She alternately sucked my cunt into her mouth and pulled on it, then let it slide slowly out. She sent her tongue down deep into my cunt, then, jamming her thumbs into my asscheeks to expose my anus, shoved her tongue into it as deep as she could while fucking me with her nose.

I went wild. Plainly and simply wild. I became a wild woman, squealing and grunting, gasping and hollering, shaking and quivering, bucking like a Brahma bull. The press of her teeth and her slithering tongue became intolerable, but buck as I might, I couldn't shake her. She stuck to my cunt like glue until she had sucked and lapped out every climax I had in me that day. I could have used oxygen by the time she was through.

Afterwards, I lay in her arms, sucking on her nipples. I wasn't ready to say I'd never fuck or suck off a man again. I didn't know whether making love to another woman might prove a novelty that would wear off. But I knew that loved sucking tit, that I loved licking cunt, and that I loved a woman's tongue in my mouth and in my cunt, and on my nipples.

And I suspected strongly that I'd never be the same.

So there it was, I thought as I walked home, my legs shaky, my cunt still juicy. I had sucked tit, I had sucked cunt. I found the position of my head between a woman's legs to be very congenial. I found another woman's tongue to be a revelation. I liked the softness of a woman's body next to mine. The combination of that soft body and hard personality seemed to create a fuller human being, yin and yang together. I instinctively disagreed with Barbara's position on penetration. Dildo-wielding dykes were still in the future, but fists proved just around the corner.

Two days later, I met a chubby little blonde who called herself Marshmallow. She arrived at the East Village commune via some little town in western Massachusetts. As we were full up in terms of free beds, I invited her to share mine. She had no penetration hangups — or hangups of any kind, for that matter. For her, sex was as natural and commonplace as eating. She just loved fucking and sucking, and it made absolutely no difference with whom or, probably, what. She begged for my fingers up her cunt, and reciprocated, surprising me by nearly getting her whole hand into mine. She couldn't quite do it, but I could tell that it could be done, and that in no time I would be able to do it.

The summer wound quickly down, and after Labor Day, half the people in the commune disappeared, some for warmer climes, others — one of whom was I — to go back to school or college.

Well, 1971 wasn't THE summer of love, but it was MY summer of love. I literally lost count of the people I fucked — friends, casual acquaintances, friends of friends, people who just wandered into the commune. Fucking degenerated from an exciting novelty to a run-of-the-mill activity, barely above the level of doing laundry.

> She stuck to my cunt like glue until she had sucked out every climax in me. ”

But not with Barbara. The most important kiss of my life, the most profound, life-changing kiss was that first smacker on Barbara's superheated cunt. I didn't change my lifestyle immediately, but I was never the same after that sticky cunt-kiss.

Barbara and I made love many, many times. That summer was almost over, so we fucked maybe only two or three more times. But the next summer, and the next, I'd come back, drawn as much to her sweet cunt as to New York City.

She never did stick her fingers in my cunt, but most of her dyke friends weren't that puritanical. They stuck everything in me from big leather dildos to the six inches of broom handle that held the bathroom keys. Nor did I ever stick my fingers in hers, though I longed to feel her internal surfaces, to read the inside of her cunt with my fingers, like reading Braille.

No doubt about it, if I had been a WWII bomber pilot, I would have painted a row of dicks on the nose of my plane up to the point I smooched Barbara's twat. From that point on, the dicks dwindled and the cunts multiplied, indeed becoming ever more fruitful until the dicks disappeared altogether.

Alas, so did Barbara. I don't remember exactly what she got, but she wrote me in college — I think it was my junior year — to say she was sick with some kind of pancreatic thing — cancer I presume. She was going into the hospital. Selfish bitch that I was, I didn't respond for a couple of months. She didn't answer, and when I went back for my next summer in New York, she and her loft were gone. Friends at the gallery told me she went back to her family in Illinois. I heard later that Fall that she had died.

Barbara may not have had a great affect on many lives. Her photographs haven't survived as a body — though I think her work was technically better and more intense than that of Diane Arbus.

Latent image is a photographic term for an exposed image on undeveloped film. The image is there, but it is not visible until the film is developed and fixed. Barbara somehow knew what I was, saw through the hippie-honey persona, saw my latent lesbianism and developed it as surely as dunking film in Dektol.

Lovingly and patiently she brought out my latent image. I as I am today am largely her creation. I look at the pictures she took of me so long ago, and I see myself, young, thin, proud-breasted, sure of myself, and I see what she made me.

I wish I could see her again. Show her what I've become, how much I've become like her. And kiss that sweet cunt one more time. ♀

Meeting at THE LEATHER ORCHID

Topcat

Photos by Laura Graff

When our eyes made contact that first time, I knew she was perfect for me. Except for one thing. We were both tops.

She was different from any other woman at Leather Orchid's. She wasn't dressed totally butch or totally femme. Nor was her style the same. No full leather look for this one. The only leather near her was what she held in her hands, a beautiful Heartwood deerskin flogger. And, though her hair was long, she wasn't dressed totally femme, either. The black silk business jacket she wore would have looked perfect in any boardroom of any local corporation. Underneath she wore a white satin blouse, unbuttoned down past her breasts in deference to the heat of the place and her own exertions. The pale cleavage that peeked out from time to time as she swung her flogger was enticing me like no other sight in the place. The black pants she wore were also pure corporate clone. Her look was more suited to an ad in *Business Week* than to a play party in a lesbian bar.

Normally I go after the cute femmes. Occasionally a butch bottom will catch my eye, but mostly femmes. This woman was neither.

The way she used that finely crafted flogger told me one thing. Here was a very experienced top. The naked back of the pretty femme she was working over was getting the full taste of how such an instrument can play your senses. I watched, fascinated, as she used the soft, supple tresses to caress the back of her submissive from shoulders to thighs. The bottom was bent forward over a whipping bench, not restrained from moving by anything other than command. She didn't seem to be in any hurry to leave, though. The voice of this wonderful woman, this top who was new to me, kept up a string of running monologue to the girl on the bench. It was pitched low and soft, to be heard only by the woman she was whipping, but the sound of it was like a warm, rich, mellow sip of hot chocolate. It stimulated, fulfilled and left me wanting to hear more of it, all at the same time. An occasional caress of the bottom's face or thighs would be her reward for being a good playmate as the top continued to work her with that flogger.

By the time she finished with the flogger, she had that bottom wriggling under each lash. The gentle rain of caresses had moved to a thunderstorm of blows. She knew how to get the most out of deerskin. The subtle pink undertone of the submissive's back attested to that. She briefly bent to the submissive's face and whispered. "That's it," I thought, "show over. Probably telling her to come home with her." I was giving her a last lingering look before she left.

Only, she wasn't leaving. She turned from the bench and picked another whip hanging nearby that I hadn't noticed before. Another Heartwood, judging by the braiding. This one, though, was considerably meaner than the soft toy she had just been wielding. The round, braided tresses of this cat were well-defined. As she swung the first stroke, I felt a sympathetic twitch in my own back as the whip landed on the bottom's flesh.

She wasn't swinging the cat full force. The tightly braided leather was just caressing the flesh as had the flogger before it. The difference was that this was cowhide, not deerskin, and the braiding was much rougher than the smooth, supple fall of the flogger. The top was warming the skin with this whip, bringing the full anticipation of its fury to the senses of the bottom who felt it. Moans came from the mouth of the as-yet silent bottom bent before her. Gasps soon followed the moans in their escape, as the whipping moved from warm up to serious level.

Again, this new top was proving her skill without showing off. Working from the top of the shoulders down the length of the back, avoiding the kidneys and reaching down to caress the backs of the thighs, she covered the submissive's back with a mass of loving pain.

When the warm pink of the flogging was fully replaced by the more serious red from this harsher whip, the top stepped back. Standing perpendicular to the direction her target faced, she swung the whip out, allowing just the tips of the whip to connect. With snapping fury, the tips connected over and over in a concentric circle. Starting with the outside edges of the balls of the submissive's ass cheeks, she circled inwards, tighter and tighter. Each snap of the whip was echoed by the screams of the bottom she was whipping. Allowing the bottom to catch her breath between blows, she timed her whipping so that everyone in the place understood exactly what the ultimate target of her whip was.

She paused before the final stroke. Her words to the woman she was whipping were soft, but very clearly heard, as every woman in the place was holding her breath in anticipation of this final stroke.

"Beg for it."

Gasping, the submissive replied in a voice trembling with emotion, "Please, mistress, whip my cunt." A choked sob followed this entreaty.

The blow that landed was not the full-force snap that had been laid upon her ass flesh. As well it should not be. The tender membranes would split under such a blow. Nevertheless, it was a very severe blow for such a tender region.

The bottom's entire body contracted at once, as though electrified, her head up, apparently in too much pain to scream.

The top gave her final benediction to this tableau. "Come, now, slut!"

Following orders, the bottom came, gasping and choking back sobs. The pleasure overrode the pain, eroticized it, and threw her into a field of ecstasy.

She slumped from the exhaustion of this powerful scene, but before her entire body could collapse upon the bench, the top was there, lifting her bodily from the bench and cradling her in her arms. Kisses and whispered praise were showered upon the bottom who had just gone through this incredible scene. A collective sigh ran through the audience at this conclusion.

I have seen some very hot play here at Leather Orchid's, but this was the best I had ever seen. I figured that this was a conclusion for the pair, and as they left the main play area, it seemed my conclusion would be correct. The two of them would surely be heading home now, and spend the night in each other's arms.

I was as flushed as if I had been drinking wine all night. As I had only been drinking club soda, I knew that wasn't the case. I made my way to the stairs to the roof. One of the special features of 'Orchid was the roof access. It gave you a quiet place to go, either alone or with someone, to think or talk or neck. It was under-

stood that no one could be approached to play on the roof, and no one was to go there undressed. Taller buildings overlooked the roof, and any open displays might bring too much attention to the place.

The night air felt cool and muggy in this late Fall night. A fog would be coming off the river by morning, I knew. I watched what few stars could poke through the humidity and city lights. The smell of the night slowly beat out the smells from the club that lingered upon me, but could not override the smell of my own arousal.

What the hell was wrong with me? Normally, when I scan public play I look at the technical end of the top, lust after the bottom or get bored in three seconds and look elsewhere. This time I had been entranced by the scene, and by the top. This was clearly fucked up by my standards.

"I AM A TOP!" I shouted the words to myself. Typically, I answered back, "SO?" Is anyone else cursed with a self that doesn't listen?

I heard footsteps on the gravel of the roof behind me. Only one set of steps, so it wasn't a couple coming up to neck. I figured it for another nightwatcher, coming up to get air. I glanced over to my left when I heard the feet come up beside me.

It was her.

That top, the one who had made my cunt forget which way was up, was standing there, beside me, wiping perspiration from her forehead and sipping at a drink. My heart did a couple of pitter-pats and my stomach did a flip-flop to the rhythm. She was here, she wasn't on her way home with the bottom she had just done a scene with. She wasn't downstairs being mobbed by every bottom in the place. She was here, with me.

I listened to her gulping the humid air as I tried to think of something to say, to start a conversation with this woman who made me feel this way. I could feel the post-scene letdown coming off of her in waves. A feeling I know well. After a heavy scene you have to walk down the mountain you have been on, relaxing back into mortality from Olympus. Being high on being the top in a scene is precious, but when the scene is over, you have to come down.

Ten thousand opening lines ran through my panicked brain in the seconds of silence that grew between us. Nonchalance? Coyness? Flirtatious? Amicable? Each line was rejected as fast as I thought of it.

Finally, I decided to try sincere.

"That was a heavy scene, and damn good." Okay, so my openings lack originality.

"Thank you, it was a special event, and called for some special action." Her voice, off the center stage, was rich and warm. Champagne and strawberries with brown sugar would have that voice, if they could talk.

"Special event? I'll say. 'Orchid's hasn't had anything like that for as long I can remember.

"Yes, Alyssa was celebrating her birthday, and her mistress wanted her to have something special."

Wait a minute. Did that mean that this woman wouldn't be going home with that bottom?

"Her mistress?"

"Yes, Helen, an old friend of mine from college, is her mistress. I was in town on business and she asked me to give her a special birthday whipping."

"So you don't live around here. Where are you from?"

"I live in New York. The company I work for has a branch here and I'm in town for a couple of weeks to oversee a project."

Silence fell between us for a few moments while I took this in. Wondering how to bring this into a more intimate discussion, I was glad that she made the first overture.

"My name is Olivia." she offered.

"I'm Amy."

"I take it that you do live here?"

"Yes, I came to Columbus for school and stayed after graduating." I didn't mention that to move back to a small town in Kentucky would be a bad move for a leather dyke like me.

"Columbus does seem to be a nice place." she commented. "And it seems to have a good community."

"That is mainly due to Orchid, the owner of this place. Before she opened it up there weren't any places for women into leather."

"So Helen tells me. How long have you been in the scene?"

"In thought, all my life, in action, about three years."

"I know how that is."

"Yes?"

"Yes, I lived most of my life only dreaming of it, before beginning to find the real me."

I was warming to this woman even more. She was being open about herself, a major *faux pas* for the tops who feel they have to keep a tight mouth, but I had always felt that was more the mark of an asshole.

"You do a damn good job at topping."

"Thank you. I owe my skills to the friends I made when I got into the scene."

"May I ask a personal question?"

"It depends," she laughed, a warm smile shining through the darkness, "you can ask, but I may not answer."

"Do you always top?"

"No, not always. Whether I am top or bottom depends upon whom I am with, and how I am feeling at the time." She turned to face me in the darkness. "And you?"

I bit my tongue to keep the automatic "I'm a top, only" from coming out. The pause that lingered after her question kept getting more pregnant with each of my loud heartbeats.

"I have been a top in all my scenes." There, I said it. Now she is going to laugh at me and leave.

"I believe I heard a silent 'but' at the end of that sentence." Yes, she had.

I sighed, turning to face her full on. She was slightly taller than me and I looked up into her eyes, seeing them clearly in the light reflected from the streets below. My dom identity was screaming at me to deny it, but the rest of me, the part that had seen this woman work, and wanted to be the woman she whipped so lovingly screamed louder to confess.

"Yes." I wanted to scream, beg, cry. I wanted this woman to top me. I wanted to get the hell out of there and take a cold shower and forget what she was capable of.

She waited. The best doms have the patience of Tibetan monks. I had a feeling this woman could show said monks they were antsy.

"I have been a top, in everything up till now. But, when I saw you doing that scene downstairs, I wanted to be a bottom. To you." Okay, now laugh in my face. I can then go kill myself.

Her hand, the one that had caressed the thighs of that lucky sub a little while before, still wafting the fragrance of the earlier woman's arousal, reached up to caress my cheek. I felt the hand touch me softly as I got lost looking into her eyes.

"That took a lot of strength to admit," she acknowledged. I swallowed, noting how my throat was suddenly dry. "It will also take a lot of strength to bottom to me." Her voice, her eyes, her touch, all of her, surrounded me, wrapped me tightly in a web I wanted more than anything. This was the effect I had so often wanted to induce in the play I did with others, now happening to me. It felt so good, so right.

Her fingers left my cheek and trailed down the soft inside of my throat. Lightly tracing the outline of my windpipe, the fingertips cruised down to the front of my leather jacket. Her hand dipped inside and found my left breast.

My eyes closed as she leaned forward and her soft lips met mine. Her tongue parted my lips and stroked the underside of my tongue. Her fingers found my hardening nipple and began a rhythmic pinching. She continued kissing me, moving from my mouth to the cheek and the side of my neck. I bared my neck in supplication, offering my jugular to her in a rite of submission as old as life itself.

Her pinches grew firmer, pleasure mixing with pain, rousing me more than I knew was possible. I had always been sensitive to nipple play, but this woman was working me like a guitar, plucking my pleasure chord to produce the gasps of pleasure that were filling my throat. Her teeth grazed the side of my neck lightly, accepting the sacrifice of power I gave her. My top identity had wandered off, I was 100% submissive to this woman. It was right for me.

"Are you willing to be mine tonight, Amy?"

"Yes!" Oh, Goddess, yes, I thought. I would never forgive myself if I didn't.

"Yes what?" Her fingers upon my nipple were suddenly a set of vise grips, my nipple was crushed and twisted, wringing a gasp of pain from me that was also pleasure.

"Yes, ma'am!" Stupid of me to forget that part. Why did it feel so good to be reminded to do it in this way, though?

"I warned you it would take a lot of strength to bottom to me." She relaxed the vise grip on my nipple and massaged the pain of it into my breast. I melted against her in relief and pleasure, resting my head on her shoulder. ♀

Photo by Laura Graff

BOTTLED UP

Jone Devlin

You are sitting at your makeup table, brushing your shoulder-length blonde hair, scolding me about my use (overuse) of our credit cards. I am not paying attention, my thoughts completely focused on your soft white shoulders in a black negligee and the promise they hold for the night.

"Marci, I don't believe you've heard a word I've said." You turn, your blue eyes flashing angrily. You are 20 years older than my 25 years, a strong-featured womyn who is as attractive as any ingenue.

"I'm sorry," I stammer, although I am not. Your anger is as exciting to me as your calm, moreso in fact.

"Sorry?" An eyebrow raises sarcastically, and I begin to tingle.

"Sorry won't do. You've run our credit cards up to the limit yet again this month, in spite of my SPECIFIC instructions that you were not to use them except in an emergency. Then, to top it all off, you don't even PRETEND to listen to me when I'm trying to correct you." You lift your hairbrush, a large old-fashioned wooden piece with a flat back.

"Perhaps something other than the sound of my voice is needed to get your attention."

"No, please, no." I begin to whimper—but we both know it's a sham. You stride purposefully over to me.

"On your belly!" Your voice is harsh, but you too are excited, I can tell.

I roll over, still whimpering. You ignore me.

"Raise your nightgown!"

I do so, slowly, too slowly. The brush descends, our bedroom reverberating with the sound of it. I yelp, releasing my nightgown. It descends again. My backside is stinging, yet I know that if I do not obey your command, and quickly, it will be worse for me. Taking a quick deep breath I reach back and yank up my nightgown.

You pause, smiling. "You look very lovely Marci, with your little white bottom just beginning to blush." Your smile deepens and I tense. Those two swats are only the beginning, as we both know.

The brush descends again, and again. Faster now as I squirm and cry out. I do not, however try to elude you, as past experience has taught me this is not wise.

Halfway through my punishment you begin to speak. "What are you being punished for, naughty girl?"

"For over using our credit cards!" I sob. My ass is on fire, but the brush keeps descending.

"That's right Marci. And what else?"

"For not paying attention to you when you tried to correct me, Mistress!" The 'Mistress' is a desperate attempt on my part to make the hairbrush stop.

It works.

"Allright then, on your back."

I obey quickly this time. My rear end is so tender from your punishment that even the soft mattress beneath me is unbearable. I moan softly, wishing I could rub some of the pain away, but know that I cannot. You have not given me permission to.

"Now then baby, what do you say?" You have put the hairbrush aside and your eyes on me are soft and love filled.

"Thank you," I whisper, and am rewarded for my answer by you lifting your nightgown and moving your womynhood gently over my face. ⚢

I am a 29-year-old femme submissive who is currently single. My ultimate fantasy womyn is a strong executive type in her forties who would enrich my life with her stern discipline. (Joan Crawford in the film "Torch Song" comes most frequently to mind.)

Photos by Lydia Virgona

SUIS UNE
BONNE

Photo by Efrain Gonzalez

Celeste & The Cable Woman

Andy Chamblis

Celeste brushed the moist locks of copper hair back from her forehead. Steam from the hot dishwater in the sink gave her skin a moist glow. She impatiently pulled off the yellow plastic gloves she wore to protect her delicate hands from the harsh dish soap.

She slapped them down roughly on the side of the sink and stood momentarily watching the hot, bubbly water swirling down the drain.

"I just hate the cable company," she snipped, and turned on her heel, striding down the long hall into the living room.

Celeste had called the cable company four days before after losing her cable in a storm. So many people had lost service that she had to wait until today, Saturday, to get service restored. And, to add insult to injury, she had to spend the day penned in her apartment like a prisoner. She dared not venture out for fear she would miss the repair man.

"Of all the infuriating monopolies. I thought they were illegal. They're illegal unless it's convenient. I wonder who in the government is lining their already padded pockets off this scam?" she said to herself as she dusted the highly varnished oak trim of her living-room set.

The doorbell rang twice. Insistently.

"Keep your pants on," she said, dropping the dust cloth behind the couch out of sight. "I've only waited all day. I think you'll survive for a minute."

She absently brushed a lock of her shoulder-length coppery hair back into place. It fell in waves naturally, past the nape of her neck and onto her sleek shoulders. In sunlight, it almost caught fire, pulling up highlights of auburn and blonde.

She flipped the lock and opened the front door, then stepped back uncertainly. "So you've finally arrived. Come in," she said, stepping back to clear the way. "Come on in."

The cable repairman was a dark-haired woman. She wore her uniform well, the dark brown slacks pulled snug across her trim round hips and the tool belt slug across her waist at an angle.

"Thank you," she said, looking quickly around the living room. "Lost your cable in the storm, eh? Sure has kept us hopping."

The cable woman stepped firmly across the living room. Her black work shoes were spotless and polished and didn't make a sound as she crossed the shiny hardwood floor.

She knelt on her knees in front of the television, which was the central focus of the oak entertainment center. Reaching out with her right hand she grasped the remote control which lay neglected on top of the Sony television, and pressed the power button.

Celeste admired the cable woman's curves as the television snapped to life, the screen filling with spotted snow.

"Sure enough. No cable, all right." The cable woman snapped the set back off and began edging it to the front of the shelf. Celeste watched the muscle in the front of her thigh curve as she worked. The muscles of her forearms stood like small bands as she pulled at the television set.

Celeste again absently brushed at her hair, which didn't need fixing. "Would you like a drink? I have iced tea. I just made it so it's no trouble."

The cable woman turned from her work and smiled a straight, white smile. "I would love a glass. Thank you."

"Would you like anything in it? I have sugar or Equal." Celeste beamed back at the cable woman. This wasn't such a bad day after all. In fact she was even feeling kind toward the cable company itself.

"Plain is fine." The cable woman rested the edge of the television on her knee, freeing her right hand to pull tools from her belt.

Celeste rushed into the kitchen and pulled a clear crystal tea glass from the shelf. She hurriedly grabbed a pitcher of dark tea from the refrigerator. She filled the glass three-fourths full, holding the almost-full pitcher with both her hands. They were trembling slightly.

"Hot, hot, hot," she whispered to herself as she dropped five ice cubes into the glass, filling it to the rim. As she picked it up, she realized the tremor in her hands would cause her to spill the tea before she reached the living room, so she raised the glass to her lips and took one small sip. She smiled to herself as she carefully rubbed the trace of matte-finish lipstick from the glass with the tip of her index finger. Her lipstick was two tones darker than the almost auburn underside of her mane of hair, and brought out her green eyes.

She slid the tip of her finger into her mouth, sucking the bit of lipstick stain from it, then retraced her steps back into the living room.

The cable woman stood thoughtfully with her hands perched on her hips, one thumb slung behind the light brown leather of the tool belt. When Celeste entered with the tea, the cable woman looked her directly in the eye and smiled again. The smile pulled up the corners of her mouth and created tiny crinkles at the edges of her deep brown eyes.

"We're almost there," she said, reaching out for the glass with her right hand. She was of medium build, but had graceful hands with long tapered fingers, that blended easily into small wrists. She wore a plain gold watch on her left wrist and no rings on either hand.

"Thanks for the tea. I hadn't noticed until you offered, but I was dying of thirst." She smiled and set the glass on a wood-trimmed coaster that was lying handily on the glass and chrome coffee table. "I just need to check your box and I'll be finished."

The cable woman stepped out the front door and Celeste released her breath. She hadn't realized she was holding it until the cable woman left the room. Now she felt a little light-headed, and sat on the edge of the teal couch. The canvas fabric felt slightly rough against the backs of her firm white thighs. She looked down and frowned at her attire. Cleaning clothes. She wore a faded navy t-shirt bearing a University of Tulsa emblem in gold across the chest and navy shorts made of cut-off sweat pants. Her feet were bare, showing off the red polish that glistened across her toenails.

Celeste slid her fingers further, further yet until she reached wet heat and parted the cable woman's lips.

"Well, I just look soooo attractive in this." She leaned back against the couch, her blouse pulling tight across her breasts. At least she did have on a nice bra, black lace underwire, and matching lace French-cut panties. Like they were any help. All the cable woman could see were her semi-grubby cleaning clothes. "Lovely."

The cable woman rapped lightly on the door, then pushed it open. Celeste sat up straight. "Your box is all right. Let me check the set and I should be finished." The cable woman had closed the door behind her and stepped close to Celeste to pick up the glass of tea.

Celeste breathed in a trace of Obsession as she watched the cable woman swallow the tea. Her mind raced, searching for an excuse to keep her here or to learn her name or something. Anything. Time was running out and she had to do something. She could not let this woman just walk out.

The cable woman replaced the glass on the coaster and turned to the television. Again she lifted the remote and the set flashed on, this time with a rock band cavorting soundlessly on the screen — MTV. The cable was back. The cable woman silently flipped through the channels, then turned to Celeste and held out the remote. "All better."

Celeste reached out with her right hand and took the remote, her hand lightly brushing the cable woman's and sending a chill down her spine. She flipped a couple of channels, then shut the set off. "Looks great. I really appreciate it. Do you always have to work on Saturday?"

"Well, I usually work every other one, but with the storm, everybody's on today. It's been a wild week." The cable woman shifted her weight from her right foot to her left and adjusted her belt. She didn't want to leave, but it was time. She looked at the door, then back at Celeste, then took a hesitant step toward the door. "Guess I better get going. Lots of calls to make."

Celeste pushed herself up from the couch and stepped around the cable woman, leading the way to the door. She placed her hand on the doorknob, then turned back.

The cable woman looked her directly in the eyes. Her eyes were smoldering. She leaned in, and Celeste put her hands slightly forward and leaned, pulled by desire.

"Are you sure you're finished?"

"No," the cable woman looked into Celeste's green eyes. "No, I'm not." She reached out with both hands and grasped Celeste, her hands pressing her back, pulling their bodies together. She kissed her on the mouth, gently but insistently, and Celeste felt heat coursing through her body.

Celeste pushed tightly against the cable woman, feeling the warm heat of her breasts, abdomen and pelvis pressing against her. She slid her hands, palms down, around the cable woman's waist and then up her back to her shoulder blades.

The cable woman moaned softly under her breath and opened her mouth, searching Celeste's mouth with the firm tip of her hot tongue.

Still clutched together, they slid the couple of steps back to the couch, the cable woman sat, pulling Celeste down onto her lap. She was still kissing Celeste intensely and purposefully as her hands slid up and down Celeste's back, then out over her shoulders, then around her waist to brush lightly across her breasts.

Celeste leaned back slightly, just enough to allow her to unbutton the cable woman's work shirt and untuck it. She kissed her neck as she unhooked her bra and then rubbed her breasts softly with her palms, feeling the nipples harden and rise.

The cable woman moaned softly and slid her hands up under Celeste's shirt. She unhooked her bra and slid her hands under, then around, then onto Celeste's firm, soft breasts.

"Your skin is so soft," the cable woman whispered, breathing the words quietly into Celeste's ear before covering the edge of her jaw and the side of her neck with warm, soft kisses.

"Mmm." Celeste felt light headed in the cable woman's embrace. The cable woman shifted her hips to an angle on the couch and laid Celeste gently onto her back, leaning forward to tease her nipples with her tongue. Instinctively Celeste arched her back and grasped firmly onto the cable woman's shoulders. She was beginning to move her hips in her own slow steady rhythm. It felt so good. Such soft, sweet love.

The cable woman pulled up onto her left knee and slid up to continue kissing Celeste's neck. Her right hand untied the bow in the cord that held up Celeste's shorts, then slid carefully onto the warm skin under the lace underwear. Celeste arched her back harder and almost frantically pulled at the tool belt until its buckle finally opened and the belt fell to the floor with a crash. She quickly unhooked the cable woman's pants and slid her fingers inside. She rubbed the tips of her fingernails lightly over the soft wavy hair she found.

The cable woman flexed her wrist, slid her fingers further and gently probed until her index finger found what she was seeking. She moaned a third time as her whole body pleasured in the moist softness. She stroked gently up and back as Celeste slid her fingers further, further yet until she reached wet heat and parted the cable woman's lips.

With her left hand Celeste pulled the cable woman's chest firmly against her as she caressed with her other hand and began moving her hips again. The cable woman found her clitoris and rubbed a gentle circle on its tip with her middle finger as her first and third fingers pressed the skin out to expose it.

"Ohhh," Celeste breathed into her ear and began to move more insistently, feeling the heat intensify and center in her groin. They moved slightly faster together, rubbing gently toward climax until Celeste felt herself pulsing in anticipation. Finally the cable woman rubbed her with a light quick touch, taking her breath and bringing a hot, flooding, tingling orgasm.

Celeste bit her lip and returned the quick rhythmic motion, pulling the cable woman into her orgasm with her. The cable woman caught her breath, ragged and deep as she climaxed, then relaxed onto Celeste, her warm breath caressing the curve of her neck.

The cable woman snuggled in against Celeste, breathing in her scent in a deep, contented sigh.

Celeste whispered, "I think you're going to be late for all those calls." ⚢

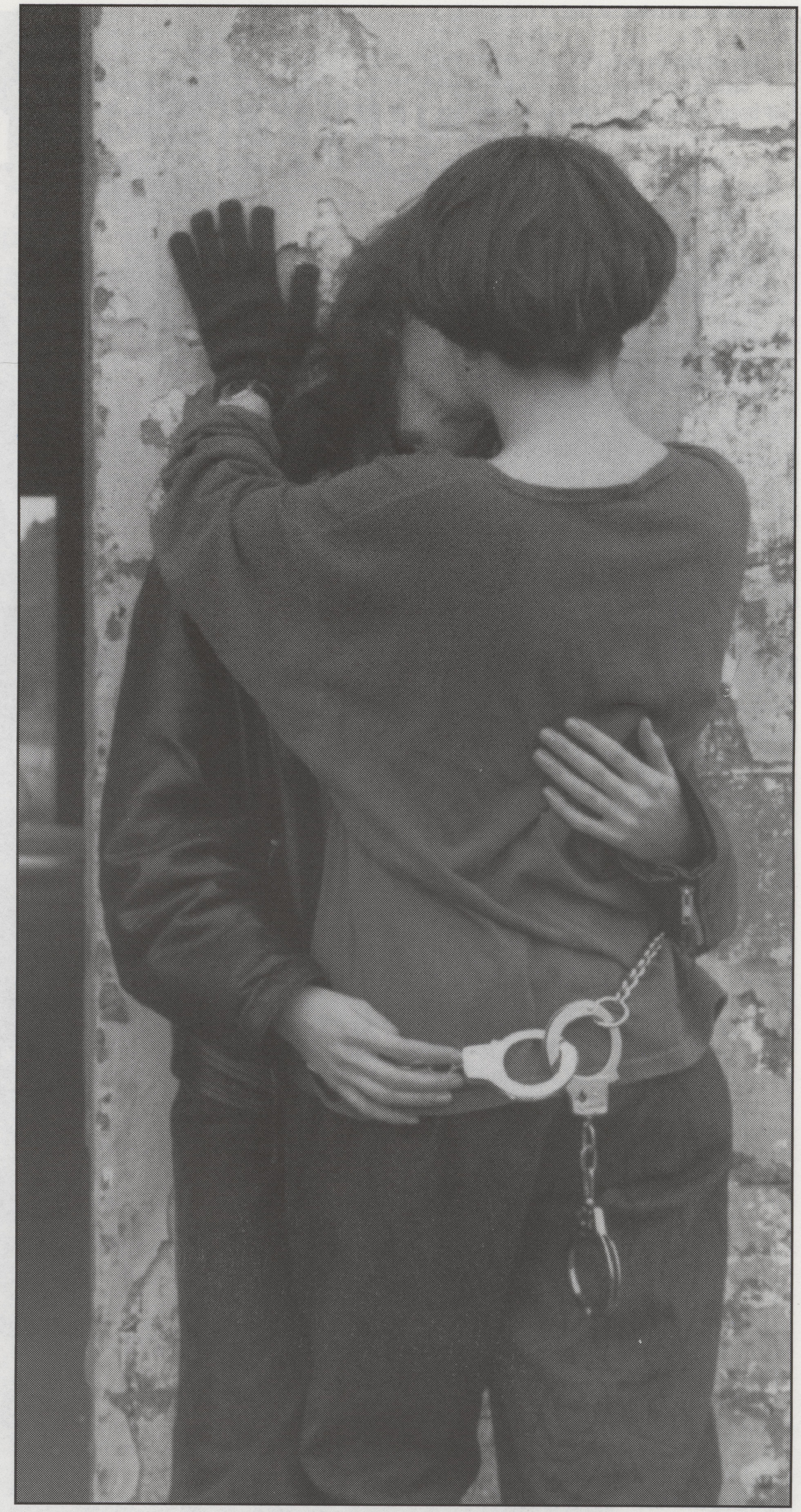


Photo by Snake & Spike Photography

A Witch Speaks

Ardanteine

Item in the **Boston Herald**
March 10, 1994:

ANGRY VICAR: "BURN PRIESTESSES"

"The Anglican vicar of a parish in northern England, angered at the controversial forthcoming ordination of women priests, said yesterday they should be burned at the stake.

"At least one woman—who is to be ordained in a nearby parish—took it as a joke. She sent the Reverend Anthony Kennedy a box of matches."

Patriarchal religions—the so-called major faiths of Christianity, Judaism and Islam—still seem reluctant to grant spiritual authority to women. As a Witch I am amazed that women should continue to seek positions of power or personal consolation within these belief systems. The simple fact that the deity is male sends a clear message implying women's inferiority, a message that many women—even Lesbians!—choose to ignore.

Historically, society has waged war against women in God's name. In Europe this included the systematic terrorization, torture and burning of an estimated 9 million spiritual women and other "misfits" between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. This war continues today in the form of domestic violence, rape, job discrimination, sexual harassment and all other forms of gender-based oppression. We must remember that separation of church and state is a fairly recent phenomenon; most social forms we see today—particularly gender roles and accepted sexual behavior—originated in the teachings of patriarchal religion.

Fear of female power still exists throughout our "rational" society, but it is rooted in prehistoric magical beliefs. To the cave dwellers women were supernatural beings whose bodies could magically produce a person and command "uncontrollable" sexual responses in the male. To counterbalance their feelings of fear, inferiority and lack of control, men invented religions devoted to a male creator, who gradually replaced the all-powerful primeval Goddess. Simultaneously women's power within society diminished, their lives and bodies—particularly in the areas of sexuality and reproduction—controlled by men.

What is women's true history? Patriarchy leads women to believe that they have always been subordinate. But history contains hints of the ancient exalted status of women. For example, the Roman historian Tacitus (first century A.D.) wrote that in his time the pre-Christian tribes of northern Europe regarded women "almost as goddesses," gifted with the ability to predict the future.

How can women restore their rightful place, their primacy in the scheme of things—their Goddesshood? I believe that the answer lies in the spiritual realm: a rejection of the punishing male god who "watches over us" as a controlling other and a return to the loving goddess within who empowers us. Currently there are no role models for women within patriarchal religion. I myself do not regard either the "Virgin mother" (Mary) or "penitent whore" (Magdalen) as positive figures actual women can relate to. I also think that saying "God has no gender" cuts us off from a source of real power and denies what we know (or remember) to be true—that an empowering Goddess resides within every woman, that we are divine.

The form the Goddess takes, the name we give her, and how we worship her, is up to us. Witchcraft is a Goddess religion, and my own personal path. What is a Witch? The word is Anglo-Saxon for "wise one." Witches believe in the primacy of the Goddess, with or without a male consort; in the sanctity of the Earth, which is the nurturing physical body of the Goddess; in the reality of magic; and in the karmic return of evil for evil and good for good. Every woman has the right and the power to be a Witch. Design your own ceremony and initiate yourself! You don't need anyone's permission; and belief is the only rule.

Feminist witchcraft generally excludes men—with no apologies. We are only responsible for our own spiritual healing, and after 5,000 years of patriarchy, there is much work to be done. Men must find their own path to the Goddess, should they choose to seek her out.

What do witches do? Generally they celebrate the eight sabbaths of La Fheile Brid or Imbolg, Ostara (Spring Equinox), Beltane, Midsummer (Summer Solstice), Lammas, Mabon (Autumn Equinox), Samhain and Yule (Winter Solstice). Rituals may also be timed according to the phase of the moon, with spells of banishing performed during the waning moon, spells of increase during the waxing or full moon and spells of renewal at the new moon.

The ritual must be appropriate to the season, to the goddesses being worshipped, and to the magical work being done. It may be conducted indoors or outside, in a group or alone, with or without hierarchy or leadership, with participants naked, in everyday clothes or dressed in flowing robes. An altar with candles, incense, herbs, flowers, and the Witch tools of wand, chalice, pentacle, censer or ritual knife, cauldron and broomstick usually stand at the center of the circle.

Briefly, these rituals may involve outlining a sacred circle oriented to the four directions, four seasons and four elements; calling on the powers; dancing and chanting to raise energy; spellcasting; divination (predicting the future); celebrating with food and drink; thanking the powers and banishing the circle.

A Witch's costume should include a necklace, preferably silver (the Moon's metal), a ring for the forefinger of the hand used to cast the circle, personal amulets and talismans, and the Witches' Cord, a nine-foot length of red knotted yarn or twine tied at the waist. Crowns or garlands of herbs and flowers may also be worn.

Knowledge being power, the Witch actively seeks knowledge by faithfully practicing magic as part of a learning process, and through intensive reading and study. You may choose to devote time to the Tarot, the Runes, astrology, herbal magic, the lore of trees, powers of stones and crystals, the I Ching, the fashioning of amulets, or studying the wisdom of other cultures. Native American lore has a special sympathy with European witchcraft. Creating art, music, poetry, dance, handcrafts or whatever you direct energy into are also forms of magic.

Besides the absence of a true female divinity, one characteristic patriarchal religions have in common is the separation of spirituality and sexuality, as if the two were mutually exclusive. Patriarchy would have us believe that women are for sex, sex is sinful and therefore women are evil. Female desire itself—which resulted in the creation of the universe, according to some myths—has been demonized. Conversely, Witchcraft recognizes the spiritual aspects of sexuality and its inherent magical power: it gives sexuality the same importance it has in relation to our lives.

Photo by Laura Graff

The Garden of Eden myth in the Bible, with its central figure of the "evil temptress" Eve, has been used to discredit women. The authors of this story deliberately chose powerful Middle Eastern goddess symbols—serpent, tree, fig, sacred grove or garden—with a political purpose in mind: to slander the goddess and her devotees and transfer political power to the god-priests. Presented as "the word of God," this fable has been used to justify women's suffering.

One of the early church fathers wrote: "Women! You are the gateway of the devil. You persuaded him whom the Devil dared not attack directly. Because of you the son of God had to die. You should always go dressed in mourning and in rags." We can strike a blow against patriarchy by taking the Goddess Eve as a role model—a defiant seeker of wisdom who revels in her sexuality, her knowledge, her power and her ability to choose. Let us do so with joy and with pride. ⚢

Ardanteine (Scottish Gaelic for "Light of the Fire") is a feminist Witch and Lesbian who resides in Massachusetts. Her magic is a synthesis of Norse and Celtic traditions. She says: "The greatest magic is the art of self-transformation, the evolution of the soul through many incarnations towards perfection."

LUCRETIA

Jen Johnson

It was cold enough in the cellar to let you see your breath cloud before your face. But it was the dampness that kept you shivering for days. The darkness wasn't so bad, once your eyes adjusted, but the noises never stopped, and you never got used to them. Lucretia would thrash about in her sleep, growling in languages that were beyond foreign, and probably forgotten by the rest of the world. Angie sat beside the bed, the steel bars keeping her safe until her mistress was herself again. Sometimes it took longer for it to pass than others—like tonight. She shivered, clutching her jacket closer to her broad shoulders. She was hard as nails, working as a bouncer in a dozen tough-ass bars, but Lucretia was enough to give the coldest woman nightmares. Her black hair was wild from the long night of deprivation, her skin waxen. Perspiration was beaded across her forehead as she tried to summon herself to consciousness. Slowly, her breathing slowed to a steady rhythm, and she opened her eyes.

Angie used this time to look at her closely, safe from her dead stare and cruel mouth. At one time, Lucretia must have been so beautiful… Not that she wasn't, anymore, but the disease had claimed her humanity, and her beauty had turned chill. Egyptian by birth, her skin's darkness had faded somewhat, leaving her with a bronzed tone. Sometimes she would talk to Angie about something in the past, making references to a place or time that she couldn't explain. It frustrated her mistress when she asked odd questions or admitted to being lost in a conversation, and the woman would stalk out of the room or send her to one part of the country or another, only to want to know every detail of her trip, down to the most intricate. It pleased her when Angie added small points, like the way someone smelled or held their paper in the rain. She'd gotten to be quite the storyteller, and her mistress loved her; or so she claimed. Angie wasn't sure about Lucretia's ability to love, in the traditional sense of the word. Only when she gave herself the luxury of the blood did she become human, for a little while. But it was always worse, afterwards. Like tonight.

ANGIE WENT RIGID AS HER MISTRESS BROKE THE SKIN ON HER THROAT WITH HER IMPOSSIBLY SHARP TEETH.

"Angela." Her voice was as dark as the night sky—as dark as her opal eyes. "I'm here," she answered softly. Her mistress smiled, saying, "I know you are, my Angel. It's finished. We can go, now."

Angie opened her vest and produced a brass ring full of keys. She selected one and unlocked the bars, helping her mistress to her feet, half-carrying her to her bedroom to bathe. Angie helped her off with her nightrobe, tattered from the night. She drew her bath and rubbed her muscles with a lotion made of lavender and rose petals, dried her and set clean clothes on her silk sheets. This was their ritual, after the blood had stolen away its promise of humanity and left her mistress in the throes of the virus that had plagued her for her lifetime. With each feeding, it took her more completely. But its lie to grant her mortality, temporarily, was enough of a temptation to drink. At that, it would begin again. The blood fed the virus, sating it for a while. She would become the girl she was, a thousand years of pain and death erased for that moment. Was it worth the price? She seemed to think so.

"Tell me your thoughts, Angel," she said. "I was wondering if the pain was worth the pleasure." Her honesty was forced, for Lucretia could taste a lie. But her mistress favored her for her abrupt answers. She poured a glass of wine and watched it swirl about in the crystal. "It becomes stale, to feel nothing. I can bear it for the sum of a decade, maybe two. I watch you, wishing that I could feel as you do. With the blood, it comes back to me, for a time." Angie drank her wine slowly, almost hearing sadness in her lady's voice. She was sure that she imagined it. "I wish there was something I could do," Angie said. Lucretia set her glass aside and patted her cheek. "You keep company with me, you show me your feelings with no masks, you try to follow when I lapse into times you could never grasp. But most of all, you keep my secret. You ask for little. You are yourself." She stopped talking abruptly, the sudden silence making Angie start.

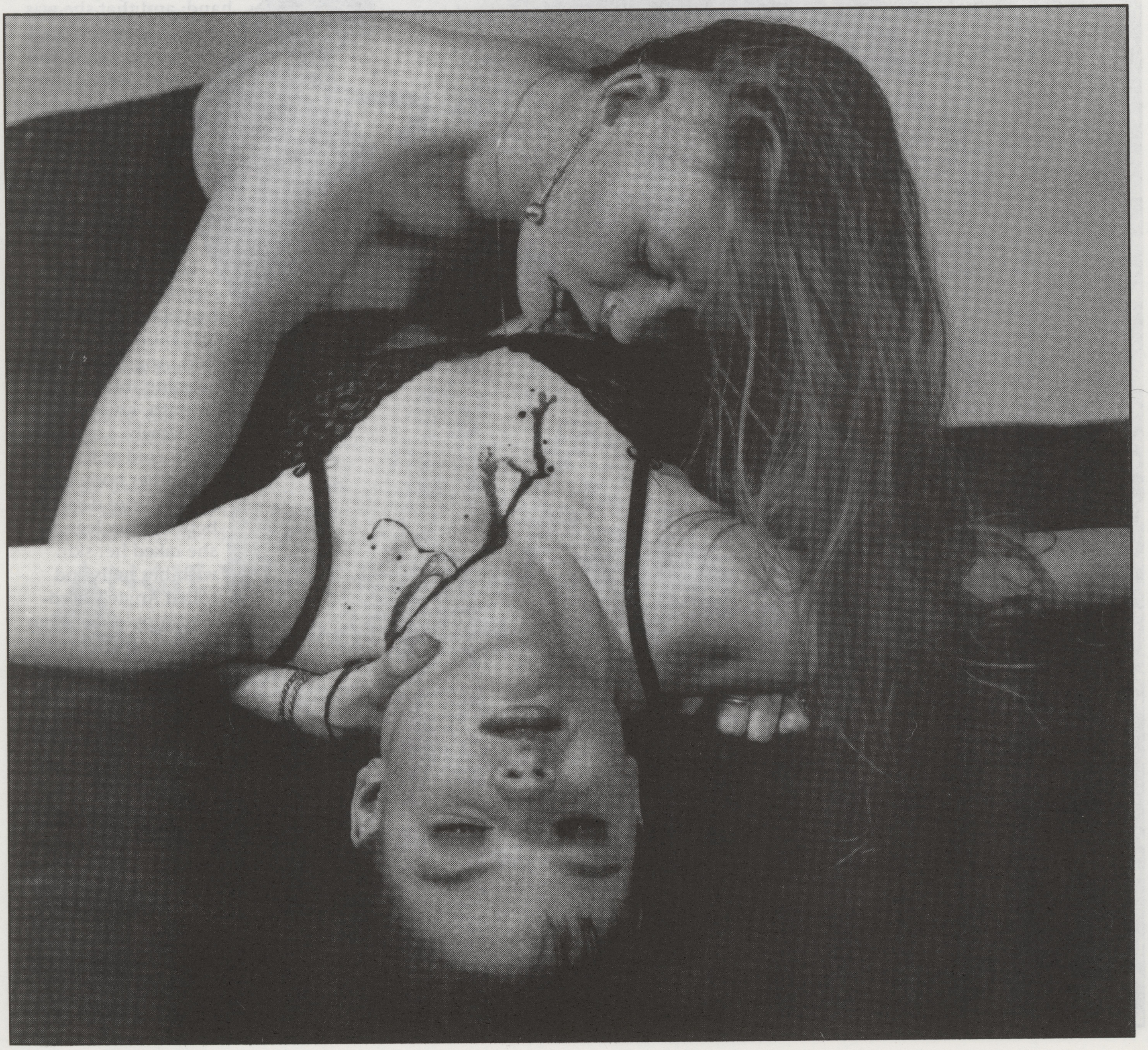
"I've decided to go away, for a while," Lucretia said, at length. Angie spilled some of her wine on the lace table covering, cursing her own clumsiness. Her mistress said nothing, waiting for her response. "Why?" She stammered. "Was it something I did?" Angie was beside herself, and her mistress watched her play of emotions with interest. "No, my Angel, you've done your work well and you've been as loyal as any that have come before you, more so than some. As for 'why', it just seems the time. I need the comfort of a long sleep, away from myself." Angie was at a loss, unsure of whether she felt relief or remorse. She ground her teeth and waited to be told what to do. In answer, Lucretia moved to her and stood not a breath away. Angie felt her heart try to free itself from her chest. Her mistress bent her head down and whispered in her ear. "I want to give you something first."

Angie went rigid as her mistress broke the skin on her throat with her impossibly sharp teeth. Lucretia held her, one hand behind Angie's back, one wrapped in her short hair. The initial pain of the bite had gone, replaced with a dull throbbing and her mistress's mouth on the wound, drinking in the blood that spilled from it. In minutes, Angie closed her eyes, holding onto her lady, feeling her body become lighter, weaker. She had the sensation of falling as she was laid on the bed, her clothes stripped off of her muscular body and tossed aside. She knew that her mistress's mouth was gone from her neck, and felt the delicate touch of her hands as she bandaged the wound and stopped the bleeding.

Breathing deeply, Angie knew only that she was safe with her mistress so near at hand, and that she was too weak or too tired to move. Again, the hands were on her face, stroking her skin and telling her beautiful things.

Lucretia covered her mouth with her own and kissed her deeply, her tongue probing the depths of Angie's mouth, biting at her lips and chin. Angie responded by moaning softly into her mouth, kissing her back, slowly. Lucretia's hands, cold as ice, heated her body and sent chills of desire between her legs as she raked her skin with her nails and rolled Angie's hardened nipples between her thumb and first finger. Purple bruises appeared wherever her hands had been, and Angie shuddered at her touch, begging for more. Still whispering to her, Lucretia stroked the mound between Angie's legs, telling her how beautiful and wet she was. Angie tilted her hips toward her mistress, begging to be entered without words. Smiling, Lucretia felt the blood move in her veins, leaving behind it very human feelings. She felt the sudden rush of desire consume her, and moved her mouth to her lover's cunt, devouring her with a thousand years of practice. Angie held her head, there, crying out her name, realizing that this was something she'd fantasized about for years, unable to believe that it was truly happening. She forced her crotch further into her mistress's face, demanding more as her tongue entered her and teased her to the point of tears.

Time dragged second by second for her as she fought to remain conscious and tried again and again to cum. But Lucretia knew her too well —knew that she couldn't reach orgasm without being filled. Angie tried to pleasure herself when she became desperate enough, but her mistress held her hands back and continued her gentle stroking and lapping, her fingers digging into Angie's hips, causing bruises. Finally, when it seemed as though Angie would go mad with the need, her mistress entered her with three fingers all at once. Crying out with relief and surprise, Angie thrust her hips against the hand that soothed her again and again, three fingers to four, the thumb slipping in easily. Kissing her savagely, Lucretia turned and twisted her hand and wrist, bringing Angie over the edge for the better part of an hour, until the girl's hands shook and she was near collapse. Her rhythm slowing, Lucretia brought her mouth to the girl's throat again, opening the skin on the other side, sucking at the flow that kept them both alive. Angie moaned from inside herself, not awake, but not quite passed out. Her mistress slowly and gently removed her hand, finger by finger, from her dripping cunt, and she felt like she was being entered, not emptied. Lying on the bed, unmoving, she felt Lucretia's tongue on her neck, sucking at the blood,

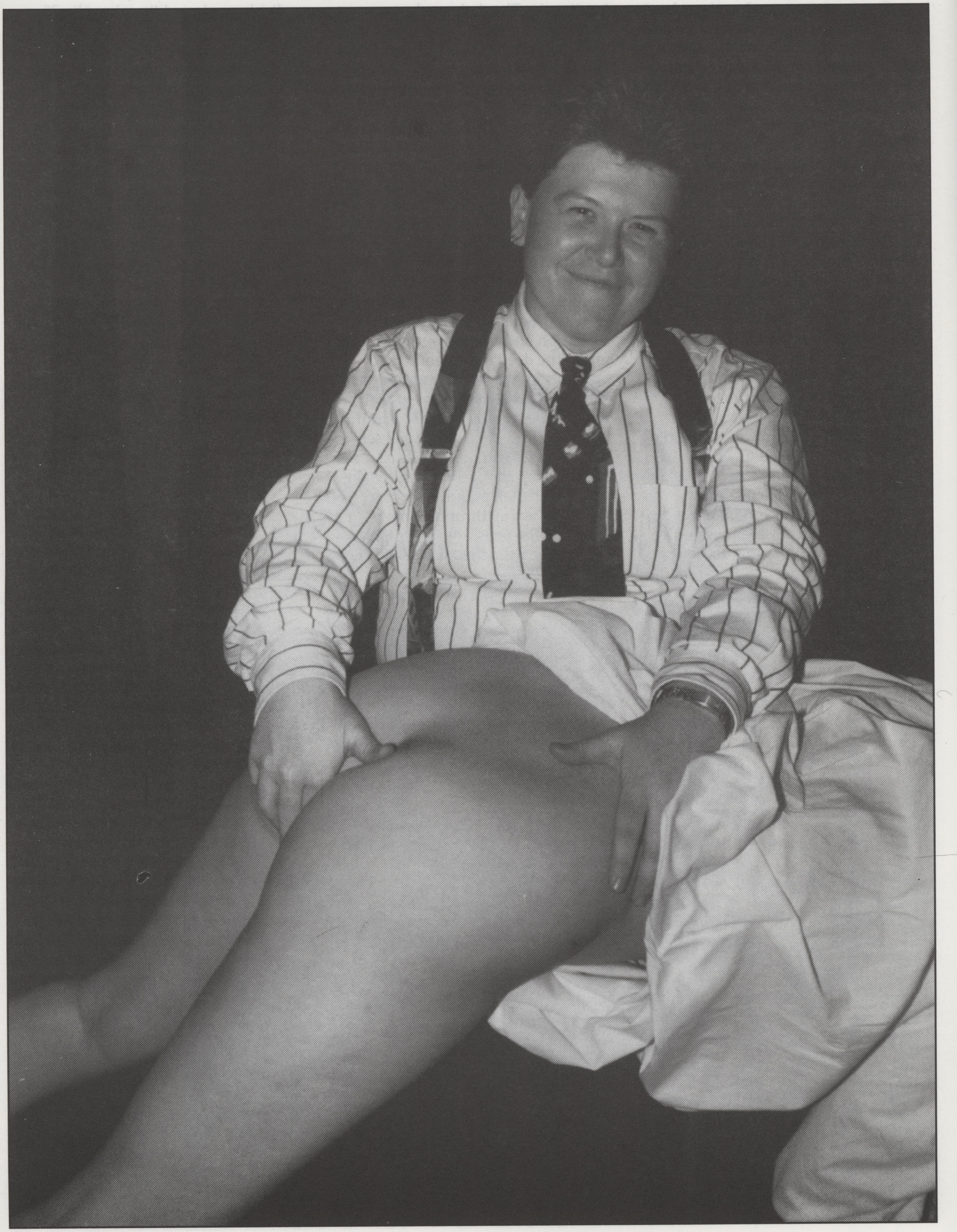


kneading her breasts and stroking her face. Angie tried to throw her body to the sleep that called it, but her mistress held her awake by force of will. Something hot was running down her throat, filling her more than her mistress's fist, giving her pleasure she'd never received. She felt her strength returning, but the sleep approaching like a tide. Her skin became hypersensitive, the very air feeling like a woman's embrace. She said her mistress's name, then felt herself falling…

No nightmare could have been so real as the dark images warring behind Angie's eyelids. Over and over, she screamed for her mistress and fought to open her eyes. A burning crawled through her veins like a serpent and she clawed at the silk sheets, shredding them. Bells went off in her head, the sound driving her mad. The bells changed to a high pitched whining sound that grew in intensity until she wailed and thrashed against herself. Thoughts escaped her as she fell deeper into the darkness, her will to fight it loosening its grip. The darkness became silent in a rush, cold numbing her body and mind. The only sound that cracked through it was a drumming that shook her physically. It was the beating of her heart, and from that night onward, she could feel it all the time, its sensation indescribable. It reminded her of a great clock, deep within herself. She stopped feeling the fear and the pain in one moment. She stopped feeling everything…

Angie felt certain that the numbness would fade with time; her mistress would never condemn her to an eternity of this. There was no anger towards her missing mistress, only confusion and faint resentment. She found the deed to the house and holdings in her own name, and sat down heavily to allow her sudden wealth time to sink in. The beautiful things around her soothed her senses in the way that some objects can, her eyes moving about the room to take it all in. The telephone rang, its piercing sound going through Angie's head like the bells from the night before. She wrenched it from its cradle, her voice oddly calm. "Yes?" "Ms. Florres?" "Yes?" The voice on the other end seemed shy, almost frightened. "My name is Jenna Spencer, I'm your new assistant." Angie raised an eyebrow. "I was wondering when you'd like me to start?" "Forgive me for saying so, Jenna, but I didn't hire an assistant, and frankly, don't see the need for one." "I'm sorry, Ms. Florres, but Ms. Lucretia had specific orders for me to stay close to you for your first few years." Angie nearly dropped the phone at her mistress's name. "Where are you, Jenna?" "I'm right downstairs." Angie stiffened and smoothed out her hair. "I think you should come up." ⚢

Photos by Laura Graff



International Ms. Leather 1994

Vanessa

Photo by Efrain Gonzalez

Anne C.S. Bergstedt of Seattle, Washington — International Ms. Leather 1994 — is a hot butch who can dominate you in three languages: English, Swedish and German. An attorney and activist, the Swedish-born blue-eyed blonde lists her original career choices as cowboy and police officer (mmmmm!)

As you can see, Anne knows how to show her ultrafemme wife Grace who's boss. Top/dominant/sadist/daddy to Grace's bottom/submissive/masochist/little girl, Anne keeps the "spark" in their marriage though flogging, caning, piercing and mind fucks.

"Grace and I schedule dates because we're both so busy," Anne relates. What typically happens? "It depends. We may start with dinner and an opera, then go home and get nasty with some spanking, flogging or cutting. Eventually she'll wind up in the sling and we'll go to town."

And what does Grace do to entertain her spouse? "Basically, anything I want her to do. She'll wear lingerie, slutwear, white cotton nightgowns for the 'daddy' scenes, or beautiful Victorian clothes."

Anne gets Grace hot with "business suits or uniform— they usually work pretty well. She has a fetish for suspenders and crisp, white business shirts. With French cuffs, of course."

Currently Anne is president of NLA:Seattle, a member of Generic Leather Productions and a board member of the Pride Foundation. A longtime activist in the gay community, Anne was also the first co-chair of the Seattle Commission for Lesbians and Gays. Her private law practice focuses on small business, estate planning, probate and bankruptcy.

Anne plans to make the most of her status as International Ms. Leather 1994. "I want to get a chance to develop my public speaking skills, and I'm looking forward to traveling around and meeting more people," she says. If we can create a network across the country, the community becomes stronger and less isolated.

"I'm all for encouraging more women to run for titles. There has been a backlash against women's titles from within the women's community itself Titles are a great way for the men's and women's communities to come together and work on issues, fundraising and breaking down barriers. For women, it's an opportunity to learn more about who you are—to push your limits and do some great stuff in your community."

Congratulations to International Ms. Leather 1994. (Personally, this femme would just love to hunt for change under your upholstery!)

ITINERARY

MAY

13-16, Presenter, MAY DAY '94; **16**, Emcee, Erotica Show; **21**, Emcee/Partic., Erotica Show, Spokane WA; **26-30**, IML

JUNE

6, WA. St. Drummer contest, Seattle; **12**, Presentation, Bad Girls, Portland OR; **26**, Pride Parade

JULY

15, Speaker, W. Canada Drummer, Calgary

AUGUST

6, Judge, Vancouver Leatherwoman contest; **12-14**, Judge, Portland MR/MS NLA contest; **19-21**, Fantasy '94, Omaha

SEPTEMBER

2-5, Powersurge, Seattle

OCTOBER

LIL IX, Toronto; Judge American Leatherwoman, DC

NOVEMBER

6 Judge Washington State Ms. Leather, Seattle

JANUARY 95

Judge Mid-Atlantic Leather, DC

MARCH

Pantheon of Leather, Leatherfest, San Diego (?); IML dation of our community and it is through our clubs that we can exercise the power of community.

Reach Out — Develop collegial ties with other women's S/M clubs and with our brothers in leather. Share information about incidents of political violence and share strategies for dealing with the violence. Reach out to non-S/M women and to women's groups and organizations in your community. Do not assume that all non-S/M women will be hostile, many are our sisters and allies. Reach out to other disenfranchised minorities within the women's community, such as transsexual women and sex workers. Form political coalitions.

Be Visible — Visibility as an S/M woman has meant victimization for many of our S/M sisters. But it is through visibility as a community that we can stop the violence against us. The reactionary elements of the women's community have used the weapon of censorship in their attempt to obliterate our lives from the pages of our own history. They refuse to acknowledge the existence of the women's S/M community. But we can counter their attempts to eradicate our lives from the consciousness of the lesbian community through strategic visibility. As an S/M group, as an S/M club, as an S/M community, we must be visibly present at women's events. We must be seen, as a community, at dances, bars, festivals, retreats, fund-raisers, conferences, readings, discussions, at any and all women's functions. It is through visibility as a community that we will take our public place as a viable and respected component of the lesbian community.

ALTERNATIVE OPTIONS - The underlying problem within the lesbian community in addressing violence against S/M women, is the issue of accountability. Many of the organizations in the women's community repeatedly ignore incidents of violence against S/M women that occur at their events and in their groups. Repeated attempts to get these organizations to effectively respond to the political violence have proved futile. And the primary communications network for the women's community, the women's presses, have failed to provide an objective public forum for this important issue. Unfortunately, too many of the women's presses, despite their generic titles and despite their editorial policies claiming political diversity, have projected a conservative and whitewashed view of the women's community. Too many women's 'newspapers' are dominated by propaganda agendas and myopic, weak-kneed editorial leadership. And too many women's 'newspapers' continue to rely upon an intellectualized opinion/editorial approach in portraying the weft and warp of women's lives within our community. Hard news stories—the who, what, where, when, how and why stories—objectively and accurately reported, are almost non-existent. When a young woman in our community is physically attacked by a gang of vigilantes, this incident is news-worthy. If our women's newspapers can not grasp the significance of this self-evident fact, then they have failed to grasp the very crux of their journalistic mission—to report the news.

THROUGHOUT THE YEARS THERE HAS BEEN A PATTERN OF VIOLENCE AGAINST S/M WOMEN WITHIN THE LESBIAN COMMUNITY THAT CONTINUES TODAY. S/M WOMEN ARE HARANGUED, STALKED, THREATENED, PUSHED, HIT, KICKED, AND SEXUALLY HARASSED BY NON-S/M WOMEN.

The lack of accountability within the women's community, has placed many victims of political violence in an untenable position. Because there is no other place to turn, some of the victims of violence have sought redress by pursuing their legal options. If you have been a victim of physical assault within the lesbian community because of your S/M orientation, you have the right to report the attack to police and to have the perpetrators arrested. You also have the right to seek civil damages against your attackers and against the organizers/owners who looked the other way when you were criminally assaulted.

Because there is a lack of accountability within the women's community, the disenfranchised minorities of the women's community must explore the viability of non-violent political action. When women are being assaulted by vigilantes and when our women's community refuses to acknowledge the existence of this criminal behavior, let alone do anything about it, then direct non-violent political action is a viable option. Strategies that seek to break the silence about the violence against S/M women and strategies that seek to increase the visibility of the women's S/M community should all be explored.

But it is the underlying issue of non-accountability in the women's community that must be directly addressed. We must begin to ask the practical questions that will allow us to move beyond utopian fantasies and simplistic two-dimensional visions of the women's community. What will be our community's code of ethics? Where will women turn when they are treated unfairly by organizations within our community? Under what journalistic standards will our presses print the news of women's lives? And how will the women's community create and foster a truly inclusive and welcoming environment for all women?

When we break the silence, when we organize, when we reach out to each other, and most importantly, when we are visible, we then exercise our power as individual S/M women and as an S/M community. We will not allow the hard stone faces to obliterate our lives. We will be seen. We will be heard. And we will stop the violence against us.

REVIEWS

Tell Me What You Like

Kate Allen

paper, $9.95, New Victoria

Leather dykes are dying and Alison's new girlfriend may be killing them.

Officer Alison Kaine's vacation is turning out to be more work than she bargained for. First, her plans with the mountain dykes fall through. But, things start to look up when she meets Stacy. Then Stacy turns out to be not only a leather dyke, but a dominatrix serving the lesbian community.

Everyone, from her best friend, Michelle, to the captain of Stacy's soccer team has an opinion about this relationship.. Alison's not quite sure what to do. She's attracted to Stacy, terrified at the thought of being "into leather," defending herself to Michelle, and defending Stacy and her lifestyle to anyone who'll listen. Alison doesn't get to be confused for long though. On the evening of their second date, while Alison and Stacy are dancing inside, someone is getting killed outside.

Although not officially on the case, Alison can't help but become involved. One of the first clues she discovers is that Stacy had contact with the victim shortly before her death. When a second victim turns out to be one of Stacy's clients, Alison becomes even more suspicious.

As Alison continues her investigation into the murders, her ambivalence towards her relationship with Stacy continues, also. As the initial sexual encounter between the two keeps getting put off, the build up of sexual tension gets even more heated. When they finally do get together the result is more than half of a chapter of the most intense sex, fantasy, role-playing, scene in print. The next morning, ambivalence is gone, as Alison says to Lawrence, Stacy's gay housekeeper, "I figure if it turns you on to get tied up and fucked in the ass you should just say so!"

The cover of Tell Me What You Like states that it is "An Alison Kaine Mystery". It is much more than just a murder mystery. This first novel from Kate Allen presents issues facing the lesbian community with a humor and a humanity seldom seen in books today. From leather dykes to fundies, Alison's characters are fully developed representations of people we might meet and talk with everyday. From uptight, politically correct lesbian feminists to sweet talking, baby leather dykes, these women are facing the same issues most of us face. It is refreshing to see a story that includes characters representing every stereotypical lesbian role, that are not behaving stereotypical. It is also refreshing to read a story in which leather dykes play leading positive roles and are more than just a character thrown in to cause controversy.

To have all of these things in one book, along with a great plot and hot sex, is pretty amazing. It makes *Tell Me What You Like* a book in which you don't have to pick out just the "good parts" because the rest of it is a must read, too.

Review by Maria Tharp

We Ought Be In Pictures

Julia Willis

paper, $9.95, Alamo Square press

POBox 14543

San Francisco CA 94114

In *We Oughta Be In Pictures* fuzzy-sweater queen Kim Novak is credited with the sexual awakening of author Julia Willis. "...now the big girls in my neighborhood were nothing like Kim Novak, and they certainly didn't have that kind of cleavage... most of the kids ran up and down the aisles and threw Necrowafers at each other, while I sat with my eyes glued to the screen and my stomach doing flip flops...I was reborn, hallelujah, and I walked around in a daze for weeks...all I needed was Kim Novak to confirm who I was and what I was going to be when I grew up." says Julia Willis in the all too short introduction to this funny book.

At a mere 20 pages the introduction is an interesting, yet sketchy, look at the dismal job Hollywood has done showing lesbians on the screen—this writer would much rather have read 100 more pages on the history of lesbian film than the two accompanying screenplays, one a lesbian American Graffiti and the other a science fiction adventure. The two screenplays, while entertaining, are a little disappointing. They seem to have merely replaced all of the male roles with lesbians, resulting in a new homosexual parade of cliché characters and situations, rather than the requisite Hollywood hetereo couplings. It is great to finally read and visualize a scene with two sexy women fucking on a slippery bathroom floor, it is disappointing that the storyline itself is so basic.

But purely as a fantasy tool, these 2 plays could be fun: Maybe on the next rainy weekend the dykes could abandon shirts and skins softball games and enact these plays in a big living room.

Review by Lauren Leja

CLASSI

TV/TS TAPESTRY, the magazine by and about crossdressers, transgenderists, and transsexuals. Articles describing personal experiences, transgendered individuals and groups, and material by helping professionals. News from and about support groups, reference section of helping professionals, support groups, publications, and BBSs. Single issue $12, four-issue subscription $40, priority mail $55, foreign $55. Tapestry, POBox 367, Wayland, MA 01778

* * *

SHADES Club is an International Contact Club for every shade of Sex. Leather, PVC and Rubber, C.P., S/M. Piercing, in fact anything except underage interests and time wasters.

You can contact and meet new friends of all nationalities, exchange holidays or have new friends in other countries for visits as well as contacting others in your country. Whatever your interests are you will find others with the same interests just waiting for your letter.

Membership is for a full year. £10 for Dom females ($20) and £5 for Sub females ($10). Lists of members go out monthly to members around the world. You are listed under a Ref. number or can be listed under your POBox number so letters go to you direct. When you send your letter via the club to other member's Ref. numbers you need to send $1 per letter to have it forwarded for postage or send IRC's to cover postage.

This is a very genuine club run by very genuine people. You must be an Adult. You must be genuine. You must reply to every letter you get even if only to say a polite 'Sorry, not interested.' If someone takes the trouble to write to you it is only polite to reply.

When you consider how many people there are in the World with your tastes and interests you could get some great mail as well as meeting fantastic friends.

We are looking forward to more member friends from the USA.

If you would like to know more about Shades Club, send $2 to cover postage for details sent via airmail, to:

SHADES
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If you are 100% Submissive and would like to visit England for a long stay, have free keep and see the English scene, send a photo and details with dates you want to come to Sonia, who looks after the female side of the club and always requires slave girls visiting London, c/o Shades.

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We've struggled just to be ourselves and love ourselves in a world which detests our differences. You the "Outlaw", Diamond in-the-rough Butch; me the Butchy Femme, who's journeyed here over rarely-traveled paths. We each bring glowing embers of what's possible. Together, in the middle years of our lives those sparks can burst into incredible leather and lace flames! Yearning in New Mexico. c/o **Bad Attitude**

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NEWS TO

VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES

The AIDS Action Committee is looking for volunteers. Those with day time availability are needed to drive people living with AIDS to medical appointments, provide administrative support, or work on our hotline. Others are needed to work with PWA's in their homes, provide telephone contact to PWAs, or deliver frozen meals. Volunteers with vans or trucks are needed to help PWAs move. We are also recruiting professionals: lawyers, holistic health practitioners, and Licensed Social Workers. For more information please call 437-6200, ext. 235 and ask for Sue.

Cleis Press, POBox 8933, Pittsburgh, PA 15221 announces: NUMBER ONE GIRLFRIENDS ON TOUR AT A FRIENDLY BOOKSELLER NEAR YOU!!!!

Robin Stevens, editor of *Girlfriend Number One*: Lesbian Life in the 90s, and Girlfriend contributors Elissa Perry and Penny Perkins will read and sign books at area bookstores as part of June's massive queering of the east coast.

Girlfriend Number One is inspired by an evening of Lesbian Literary Binge 'N' Purge at Red Dora's Bearded Lady Cafe in San Francisco. Red Dora's is a performance space where writers and humorists of all genders have found enthusiastic audiences of like-minded girlfriends raised on feminism, television and bad music. They are angry enough to change the world and smart enough to have fun in the meantime.

Robin Stevens is the former editor of *Out/Look*, the national lesbian and gay quarterly. Her articles appear in *Out Magazine, Ten Percent*, and the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*.

These west coast Girlfriends wish to bring their east coast counterparts the good spirits of a good Saturday night at Red Dora's!

Thursday June 16, 6:00pm - Cambridge, MA: New Words (617) 876-5310
Friday June 17, 7:00pm - Willimantic, CT: Everyday Books (203) 423-3474
Monday June 20, 8:00pm - New York, NY: A Different Light (212) 989-4859
Wednesday June 22, 7:00pm - Burlington, VT: Chassman and Bem (802) 862-8714
Thursday June 23, 7:30pm - Philadelphia, PA: Giovanni's Room (215) 923-2960

"Modern Day Cowgirls Ride Again!"

Women should be having fun and they definitely deserve the best! Working on those two premises, organizers Gin Shear and Sue Slate are hosting Women's Motorcycle Festival '94 in posh surroundings. The newly appointed Radisson Inn, just south of Rochester, New York will be home for five days and four nights to "Modern Day Cowgirls" and their chrome and metallic steeds. To ensure optimum conditions, Sue and Gin have picked the best weather week for upstate New York, the third week in July. If you're not there from Monday, July 18th — Friday, July 22nd, you'll be missing out on the best action, sights, and sounds of the summer!

The schedule is jam packed with rides, events, workshops and entertainment. Six different group rides will offer destination points to suit a variety of tastes; from those who like to play the ponies, to competing in Splat ball, on to those who are museum buffs, beach bums, or shopping fanatics! An Ice-Cream Social will precede the Parade Run offering dessert BEFORE dinner. The Parade Run itself will be memorable, women piloting their own machines and stretching out for miles.

Competition will focus around two main events, the "Dice Run Round-up" and the "All Cowgirl Riding Rodeo." The Dice Run is a rolling trivia team event involving a prescribed route with check-points. The Rodeo involves slow speed competitive events for solo and two-up riders. The focus is on fun but your riding skills do get tested. Herstorically, the competition has been hot and heavy as well as supportive of each rider's efforts.

Added to these two main competitive events will be some other on campus activities such as the Tug of War designed to vent a little friendly rivalry among the owner groups of different brands of motorcycles: Harley, BMW, Kawasaki, Suzuki, Honda, Yamaha, and others. Around the pool will be a "Tattoo Fashion Show." The Annual "Best In Show" will have women polishing their scooters up for presentation in four categories: Stock, Custom, Vintage and Rat.

Workshop selections will cover a variety of motorcycle related topics. If you want to tune up your riding techniques, certified Motorcycle Safety Foundation instructors will be facilitating workshops on turning, braking and swerving. Should you have motorcycle related technical questions or concerns, a motorcycle mechanic will be on hand to teach you how to troubleshoot your bike. There will be a workshop on "Touring Arctic Regions" and one on "Group Riding Techniques" to name a few of the many choices all designed to enrich your riding experiences.

Entertainment will round out the evenings. The "Moving Vibrations," and Lynette will open on Monday. Diane Amos, a comedian from the San Francisco area will perform Tuesday night. Tuesday night will also feature cabaret performer Lyn Lavner. Blues and country rock singer Kathryn Warner and guitarist Sandy Ayala will be on deck for Wednesday along with Kathy Martin, a country-western D.J. who will get women up on their feet for

USE

some "Two-Steppin'." On Thursday, The "Bad Dog, No Biscuit Band" and Leah Zicari will round out the entertainment.

"Modern Day Cowgirls" is the theme with a purpose for this year's festival. In 1993, WMF initiated a fund raising effort on behalf of the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation. As a result of the Women's Arctic Tour, the efforts of several motorcycle clubs and many individual contributors, over $20,000 was raised for breast cancer research! The festival will be the official kick-off for the next phase, a "Pony Express Ride for Research" campaign. As modern day cowgirls, we can become women riding for research aboard our steel ponies. WMF will be sponsoring a ride that will circumnavigate the perimeter of the United States in 1996. The Charity/Parade Run, at WMF '94, will serve as the kick-off activity for this campaign.

Women Motorcyclists, don't miss out on the WMF '94 extravaganza. It was conceived, designed and orchestrated with you in mind. Write to W.M.F., 7 Lent Ave., LeRoy, N.Y. 14482, 716-768-6054. See You in July.

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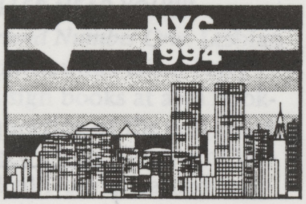

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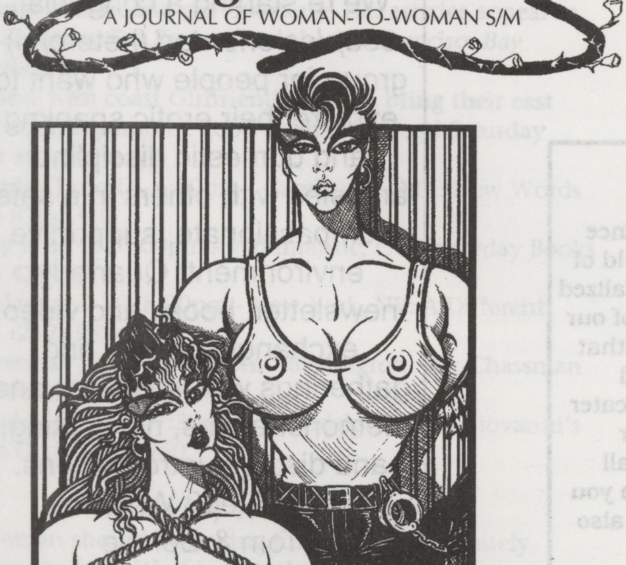

Back issues of *Outrageous Women* are available through *Bad Attitude* at $4 per issue.

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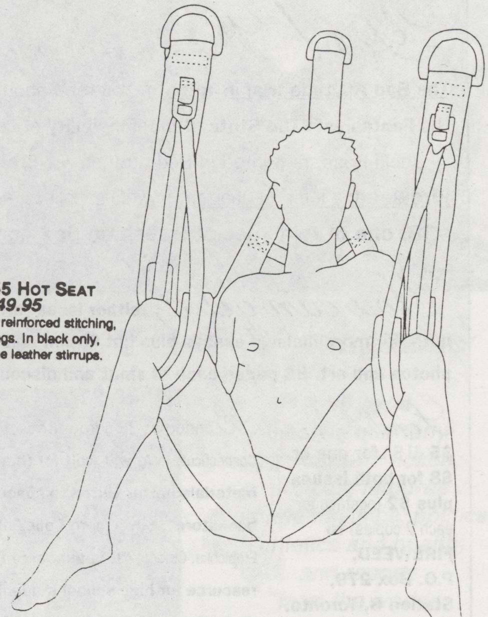

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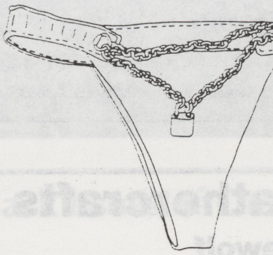

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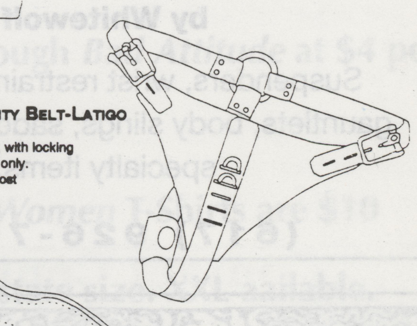

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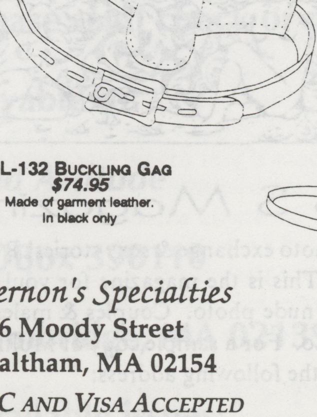

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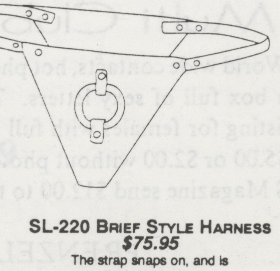

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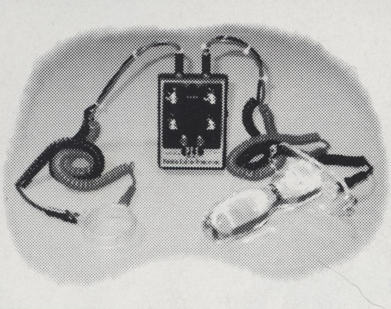

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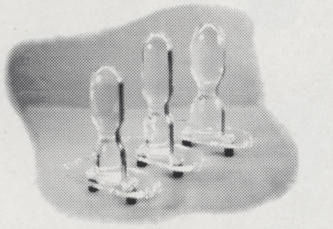

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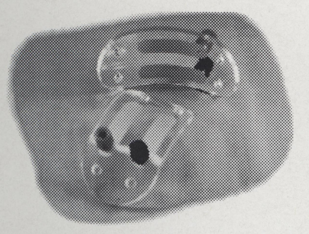

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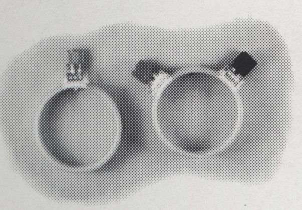

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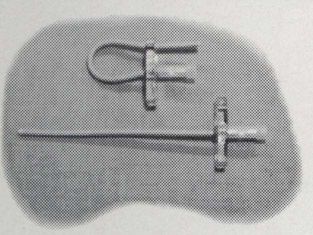

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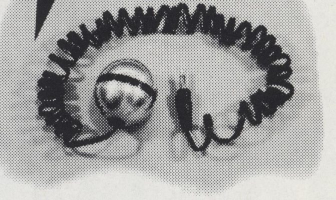

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